

ESTELLE.

BY

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Author of NUMA POMPILIUS, &c. &c.

WITH

AN ESSAY UPON PASTORAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY

MRS. SUSANNA CUMMYNG.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

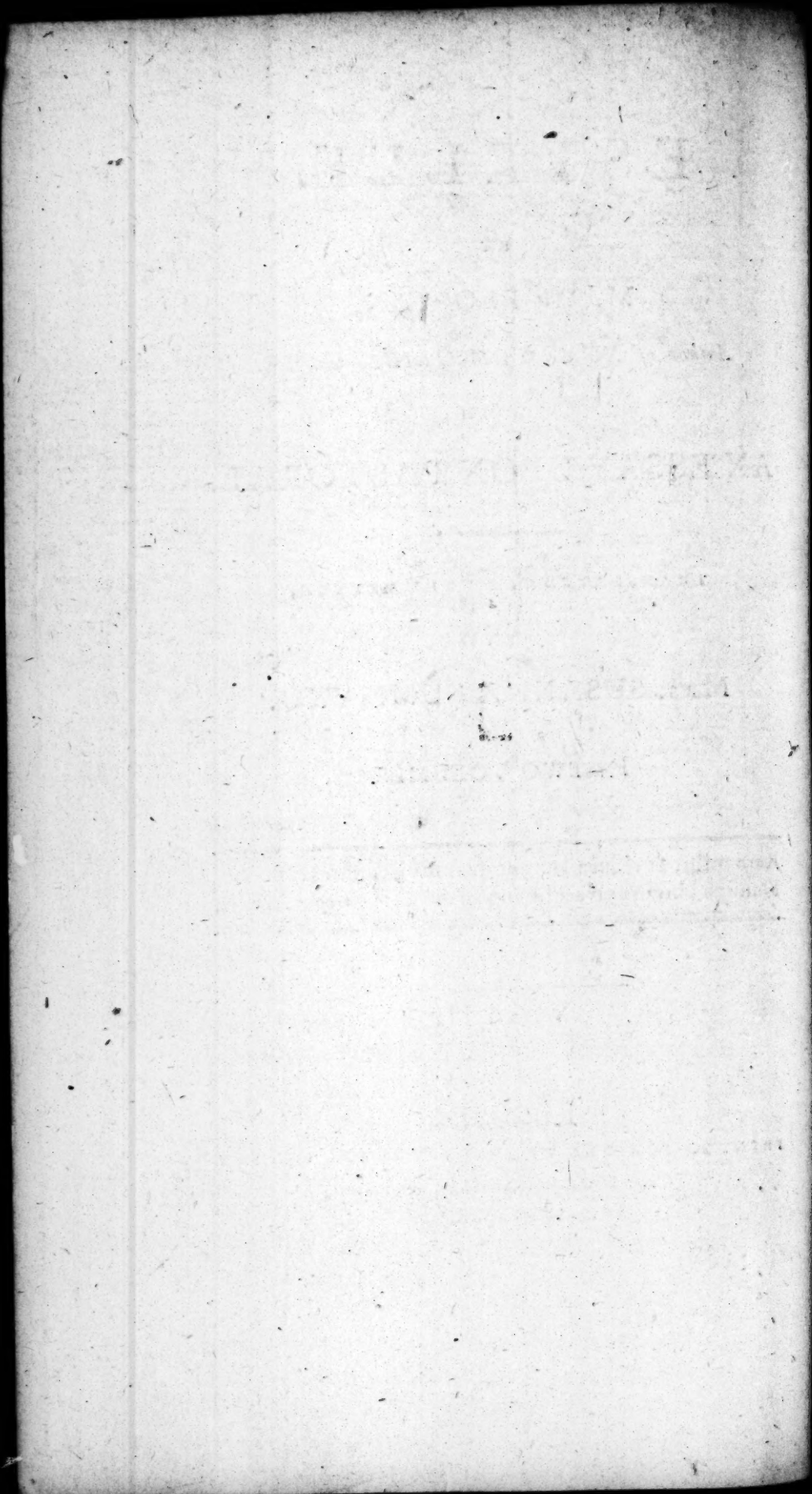
Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius:— *Georg. lib. ii.*

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ESTELLE.

BOOK IV.

WE must have known the dreadful calamity of living at a distance from the object of our love, to form any idea of the rapture that our soul experiences when the happiness which we had given up for lost, is restored. We must have shed bitter tears at the absence, to feel all the voluptuous enjoyment of the sweet and pleasing effusions at the return, of our mistress. I pity thee, unfortunate lover, whom a cruel destiny obliged to

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quit the object of thy wishes. Every step thou takest adds to thy troubles; each hour recalls to thy remembrance a lost pleasure; thou reckonest with despair all the moments which will elapse before the end of thy exile; thou thinkest to abridge, by incessantly recounting, them. Thou lookest an hundred times a-day upon the road which leads to the places where thou leftest thy heart; thou surveyest it with dread; the traveller whom thou beholdest journeying upon the way appears to thee to enjoy a more happy fate than that of kings. I pity thee; but thy happiness will be enviable the day that thou shalt again fly to her arms! the day when, descrying her house at a distance, thou shalt see her at the window waiting for the joyful moment which is to reward such a multiplicity of vexations!

Ah! that moment — should it be prolonged, thou couldest not support; thy soul which endured calamities with fortitude, would be overwhelmed with such an excess of bliss.

Nemorin so experienced it in crossing the river with his Love; when he found himself once more in the valley which he had lost all hopes of ever seeing again; and fondly thought that he was now to live with Estelle, to love her, to declare it openly, and to possess her before the expiration of a few months. This idea, this hope, the emotion which he felt, almost deprived him of reason. He walked silently on, holding the shepherdess's arm, applying it constantly to his heart, and unable otherwise to express his extacy of joy than by press-

ing the hand of Rose and of his Love to his lips.

The night was closed when they arrived at Massanne. Margaret, uneasy about her daughter, who, she feared, had lost her way, had sent shepherds, with lighted torches, to seek for Estelle. The pleasure which she felt upon seeing her appear with Nemorin, was the first she had experienced since the death of Raimond. She embraced the young shepherd; then, joining his hand to that of her daughter, her heart has chosen thee, said she to him; her heart and mine have always been in unison. Be her husband, Nemorin, and mayest thou render her as happy as she is beloved by her mother!

Estelle, with Nemorin, fell at the feet of Margaret. This good mother

bleſſed them; and, tenderly raiſing them up, my children, ſaid ſhe, I expect a favour from you. Three months are ſcarcely elapſed ſince the death of my worthy huſband: permit me, therefore, to defer your marriage for the fix enſuing months. I well know that at that period my grief will be the ſame, but my mourning will appear leſs. Beſides, whatever friendſhip I may have for Nemorin, the idea that he was not the choice of my huſband, preſcribes me this delay. Pardon it me, my children, for decency requires, and my heart demands it.

Margaret, while ſhe ſaid this, was much affected; the two lovers conſoled her, and promiſed not to ſpeak of marriage before the expiration of the fix months. Nemorin, after having an hundred times thank-

ed heaven, Margaret, Estelle, and Rose; Nemorin, transported with joy, returns to his former cottage, and delivers himself up to the pleasing hope that nothing can henceforth obstruct his happiness.

The next day, at sun-rise, he was in the valley. Estelle and Rose did not delay to follow him thither. They both stopped at a distance, to behold the shepherd going from tree to tree examining the old characters which he had engraved. He pressed his lips upon those he found, and he wrote afresh those which time had destroyed.—Nemorin, intoxicated with love, could not enough contemplate those charming scenes. He beheld with tenderness all the objects which surrounded him. He came back repeatedly, and addressed them in these words:

ALL hail, again delicious groves!
With pangs I left thee, native seat!
I see, in ev'ry dear retreat,
The sweet memorials of my love.

Ah me! when, by a doom unkind,
I quitted, sad, this well-known plain;
I bore with me my tender pain,
But cheering hope remain'd behind.

Shades, limpid streams, and flow'rets gay,
Unnumber'd countries, too, may show;
Nor flow'rs, nor streams that gently flow,
Can to my mind delight convey.

Our native land alone has charms,
Alone our native brooks can please;
Ah! there are seen the finest trees,
That, rich with shade, extend their arms.

How sweet it is where youth began
Her guiltless course, and playful day,
With the lov'd maid to wear away
Life's latest age, and utmost span.

The summer was now beginning;
all the flocks of the plain, accord-
ing to ancient custom, were soon
to quit the banks of the river, to

seek, upon the mountains, a sky less scorching, and pastures more fresh. Estelle's sheep, joined to those of her lover, which Hilaric the next day brought from the valley of Remistan, formed an immense flock. In a strange country, it was necessary that a master should watch over the shepherds who tended them.— While Raimond was alive, he had always performed this journey himself. Margaret required that Nemorin should do it in his stead.

It is thy part, my son, said she, to preserve the property of thy bride. Besides, thy return, thy passion for Estelle, the assiduity which thou couldst not avoid shewing her, would give a pretext to calumny. Thou must remove to a distance, Nemorin. Conduct our flocks to the mountain; thou shalt

return in the beginning of autumn; the mourning of Estelle will then be over; and your marriage will be the recompense of thy respect for my counsels.

This prudent resolution of Margaret pierced the heart of the two lovers; but they felt the necessity of it. The shepherdes herself, notwithstanding the extreme grief which the very idea of another separation from Nemorin produced, even she required his compliance with Margaret's request. The unhappy shepherd, always submissive to the wishes of Estelle, ventured no longer to complain.

The departure of the flocks is a celebrated era in the beautiful country where Estelle dwelt. They are previously employed for some time in preparing themselves for this

event. Each farmer, each shepherd, marks his sheep with a letter or a cypher; he assembles the shepherds who are to conduct them to the mountain; gives them his orders and his councils; furnishes them with arms to defend them, remedies to cure them, and provisions for themselves. The day and the hour are fixed when all the flocks of the village are to be collected into one place; and thence they set out together.

The procession commences with goats, an unruly and nimble troop. They advance, with heads erect, frisking, rambling, returning, and choosing the most difficult roads; they bound forward to the summits of the rocks, and there suspended browse upon the extremity of the verdure, dreading neither the shep-

herd nor the dog; and actuated by their own caprice alone.

After them, at a considerable distance, come the large and strong rams; which have been stripped of their fleeces in order to be painted in different colours. Their horns are adorned with ribbons. Their stateliness; their gravity, are more increased by these ornaments. They proceed thus, followed by dogs armed with shining collars, of which the steel edges glitter in the sun. — Those faithful and submissive guardians give way to the rams, when there is no harm to fear, but immediately resume their place upon the least danger.

Behind these come the young sheep with their dams, an innumerable troop, whose bells make an indistinct and continual noise, accompanied by the

bleating of the whole flock, the barking of dogs, and the songs of the youthful shepherds.

These last close the procession. — Dressed in their finest clothes, they adorn their hats and their flutes with flowers, presents which they receive from their lovers. Armed with long poles instead of crooks, a warlike appearance is mixed with their natural gentleness. Surrounded by all the inhabitants of the hamlets, they advance playing airs which are answered by applauses. The shepherdesses assemble as they pass; several of these constant females shed tears; all wish for their safe return, and all of them, holding each other by the hand, follow the shepherds as far as a rivulet, where the two companies separate, singing alternately this song:

THE SHEPHERDS.

GUARDIANS of the fleecy care,
We're compell'd to quit these plains;
Destiny our steps constrains,
O'er strange lands to wander far;
Ever sighing to return,
We the cruel absence mourn.

THE SHEPHERDESSES.

Lovers, brothers, friends, adieu!
Ne'er let constant love decay;
Suffer not your hearts to stray;
Bring again affection true.
Lost in grief till you return,
Sad, and sighing, we shall mourn.

THE SHEPHERDS.

On that distant mountain's side
Sheep will thrive, but shepherds pine;
There on us love ne'er will shine;
Never will our destin'd bride
Glad our eyes till we return;
Well then may your shepherds mourn.

THE SHEPHERDESSES.

No gay sound of pleasure greets
Him who looks on our abode,
Asking, as he treads the road,
Through these glad and blest retreats,
In so sweet a spot, forlorn
Do they nought but weep and mourn?

THE SHEPHERDS.

Ah! if to shake our constant love,
 Should the beauties of yon plains
 Tempt us, while they sooth our pains,
 Hence—we'll say—no charms can move—
 Drooping, sad, till our return,
 We are doom'd to weep and mourn.

THE SHEPHERDESSES.

Should a flatt'ring spark appear,
 Vers'd in all the town-bred arts,
 Try to steel from you our hearts,
 His smooth words he well may spare.
 Ne'er will we, till your return,
 Hear of love, but weep and mourn.

Such was the order of this fête, so fatal to the happiness of Nemorin. He was not present at their setting out: so many witnesses would have been a constraint upon his manner of taking leave. Whilst all the flocks were assembling in the valley, and that of Margaret was proceeding with the others under the care of four shepherds, who were to be subject to the orders of Nemorin, this un-

happy lover had previously agreed with Estelle to meet at the fountain near the lote trees.

They both come there long before the time appointed. Rose accompanied her friend. As soon as Nemorin perceived his shepherdes, he ran to meet her; Estelle hastened towards him. They accost each other, wish to speak, but cannot utter a word. Their tongues are motionless; they feel an uncommon pressure; they behold each other with tears; take one another by the hand; and, still keeping silence, they seat themselves by the fountain, while Rose waits behind.

A. length, recovering the power of utterance, I must leave you again, said the shepherd; I must go and suffer anew the torments which I thought would have occasioned my

death! — And this is what you wish! this is what you have commanded! —

Ah! my Love, my dear Love, I will undoubtedly obey; but you will soon learn how dear it will have cost me to obey you.

Nemorin, at these words, drops the hand of the shepherdess, and turns aside his eyes full of tears. Estelle remained for some moments without answering. At last, in a faltering voice:

Behold, said she, how thou consolest me! behold how he who has the sole possession, is tender, of my heart! — O ungrateful man! it is I who must remain here! Is it you, then, who can thus complain! Is it you who can thus compare the present departure to that which I cannot recall to remembrance without shuddering!! — Consider that the

time of thy return is fixed, that the hand of Estelle awaits thee, that nothing will longer trouble —

Ah! pardon, my dear Estelle, cried the shepherd, taking her again by the hand, pardon the delirium into which extreme sorrow has plunged me. I leave thee, I leave thee! — That word alone, that dreadful word, deprives me of reason. The most melancholy presentiments overwhelm my soul; the most gloomy ideas haunt my imagination; a secret voice forewarns me, that I am upon the very brink of one of the greatest of all misfortunes!!! — O my friend, my amiable friend, swear to love me always; thou hast told me so a thousand times, yet thou hast not said it often enough: repeat it an hundred times more; promise never to forget thy friend; assure me —

Forget thee! interrupted Estelle; look at the places in which thou leavest me: here every thing is full of thee; here I shall see thee every where. In the country where thou art going to reside, a thousand new objects may dissipate thy grief; here every thing will augment mine. That meadow, this fountain, thy house, that of my mother, all the surrounding objects, every thing which can possibly appear to my view, will remind me of Nemorin. I shall come every day to that meadow, but I shall not there meet with my friend. I shall come again to visit this fountain, and my tears shall sprinkle the place where thou art now sitting. I shall pass by thy house; it will appear to me a frightful desert. I shall enter mine without the hope of finding thee there. Ah! my friend, my be-

loved, fear not that I shall forget thee; let us rather fear——Thy fears penetrate my soul; I experience, as thou dost, the most uneasy forebodings. Last night the screech-owl came and alighted upon my window; I heard its dismal cries till daylight. They made me shudder in spite of myself. My friend, my dear friend, do not go; come back to my good mother; our tears will appease her——do not go, Nemorin, remain with me, stay with the other half of thyself——speak, my friend, answer me, wilt thou consent to remain.

Rose heard these words, and immediately came up. Nemorin, transported with joy, was on the point of agreeing to the desire of Estelle. The prudent Rose opposed it: she reminded them of Margaret's resolution not

to marry them till autumn; of the injurious reports respecting Estelle which the return of Nemorin would occasion; of the respect, the obedience which was due to their tender mother; and particularly the uneasiness which they would give her.

While Rose thus spoke, the lovers wept, but they yielded to these prudent counsels. Nemorin prepares to depart; Estelle still detains him; she gives him a lock of her hair, which the shepherd places close to his heart; then, pressing his lips upon Estelle's hand, he pronounces adieu in a smothered voice, repeats it an hundred times, always saying it is the last, and cannot yet begin his journey. Estelle likewise repeated adieu, told him to depart, but did not draw away her hand. At last

Rose separates them; and, notwithstanding the tears, notwithstanding the cries of Nemorin, she drags the unhappy Estelle from him, who still turned back her head and stopped, extending her arms towards her lover.

The shepherd, motionless, looked after her. She was soon out of sight, but he still directed his eyes along the road which she had taken. At length, making a strong effort, he goes away from the fountain, and takes the road to Lezan.

Near this village Nemorin rejoined his flock. He pursued the road towards Anduze, reached the wood of Valory, and, directing his steps to Melouze, he reached the banks of the Galaizon after a journey of ten days.

There he was to pass the summer. His first care was to look out for the most solitary pastures, that he might not be diverted from his grief. Remote from all the other shepherds, his thoughts entirely occupied upon Estelle, he retired to the mountain, and clambered up the highest rocks in order to have a view of Massanne. Impatient for the close of day, he penned his flock long before night, and retired to his hut, expecting the next day to arrive the sooner.

He had already seventeen times observed the tardy rays of the setting sun, and his courage was almost exhausted, when one morning, plunged in a melancholy more profound than he had yet experienced, he arose before dawn, and seated himself upon a distant rock.

Aurora had not yet tinged the horizon; the twinkling stars shed their brilliant lustre upon the vast expanse of the heavens; the moon, in her wane, reflected her weak and trembling light upon the rivulets; the distant echo of the rocks resounded the monotonous clamours of the inhabitants of the marshes; the whole country was covered with a gloomy veil; some glow-worms wandering about, were the only objects to be discovered in the general obscurity.

Nemorin, after having for a considerable time meditated upon this profound stillness, which augmented his melancholy, at length turns his eyes towards the east, and sings these words:

Slow usher of the sun's swift coursing beam,
Rise, morning star, and spread thy feeble gleam;
Anxious for day, through night's drear shades I rove,
But soon as up heav'n's arch ascends the ray,
Again I wish it far away,
While still remote from her I love.

All nature pauses—round the fallen rocks
Dumb sleep has clos'd the eye-lids of the flocks;
Secure the sheep lie slumb'ring; and the dove
Reposes calmly in her feather'd nest;

Alone I sigh for want of rest,
While still remote from her I love.

Sure of her mutual flame, and sure to live
In all the blifs that my belov'd can give.
Though joy awaits me as I forward move,
'Tis fruitless certainty—an inward pain
Disturbs my soul and racks my brain,
While still remote from her I love.

Thus sung the unhappy shepherd;
and the diligent aurora had just begun
to gild the tops of the mountains.
Nemorin, formerly so sensible to the
beauties of nature, contemplates unconcerned
the majestic appearance of the rising sun. In silent sorrow

he was returning to his flock, when he perceived a shepherdess coming towards him. At first he thought of turning aside that he might not meet her, but immediately apprehending he had some knowledge of this shepherdess, he stops to observe her.

She approaches with slow steps, with folded hands, and a countenance oppressed with grief and fatigue. Nemorin looks at her attentively, but how great is his surprise when he finds the shepherdess to be Rose!

Filled with apprehension and fear, he hastily steps forward, and perceives tears in her eyes, but dares not ask her the cause of her journey. Covered with a mortal paleness, oppressed with the deepest anxiety, he

waits in silence till Rose informs him of his destiny.

Unhappy Nemorin, said the shepherdess to him, I was not willing to entrust any one with the sad duty which my friendship this day performs. Estelle has asked it of me; Estelle required that I should come and convey to you the last expressions of her love, the last adieus of her heart! — What say you! cries Nemorin, Estelle no longer lives? — Estelle yet lives, the shepherdess replies, but she is dead to you.

At this speech, Nemorin, deprived of all sensation, falls upon the ground. Rose runs to fetch some water from a neighbouring spring, throws it upon his face, takes his hand, and calls to him softly. The unfortunate youth opens his eyes, and, turning

them sorrowfully towards Rose — End me, said he to her, for pity's sake end me. Estelle has changed, Estelle no longer loves me! My life is a dreadful punishment! — Estelle has changed! Estelle no longer loves me! — In repeating these words, he falls again with his face upon the ground; he clings to it, as his last asylum; he bites the stones and the grass, which he bathes with bitter tears.

Estelle adores you, answered Rose, and that love which is unextinguishable, that love which is dearer to her than life, must render her for ever unhappy.

At these words Nemorin raised his head: She loves me, exclaimed Nemorin; she still loves me? you assure me of it? you do not deceive me? — Ah! if her heart be

still mine, speak, I can bear every thing.

Rose repeats that Estelle is unchangeable; and the shepherd, more serene, dries up his tears, and lends an attentive ear to the following recital of the faithful Rose.

It is not a week ago since the happy Estelle used constantly to say to me, that in the course of two months Nemorin should be her husband. We went together every morning to the fountain; we there spent the day in conversation about you; and in the evening, when the return of the gleaners intimated to us that it was time to go home, we returned to Margaret, and resumed the same subject of discourse.

One evening, as we were engaged in this pleasing conversation, we were surprised by a hasty rapping at the

door. After composing ourselves a little, Estelle and I went to open it. Judge what was our astonishment on seeing Raimond and Meril. The first thing that Estelle did, was to embrace her father. She held him for a long time; and, without taking notice of Meril, she ran immediately to Margaret and announced to her the unexpected arrival of her lost husband.

O my friend, my tears still flow in recollecting the transport, the delirium of Margaret! She could not believe her eyes; she could not withdraw herself from the arms of the old man; she bedewed him with her tears, which at intervals she wiped off to look at him again, in order to be quite certain that it was he himself whom she pressed to her heart. Raimond, overwhelmed with tears,

vainly attempted to speak. Embraced alternately, and jointly, by his wife and daughter, this old man, so little given to fondness, could not bear the transports which at this moment agitated his mind.

At last, when their general joy was in some degree abated, Raimond, taking Meril by the hand, presents him to Margaret and his daughter: Here is my deliverer, said he to them, here is the man who restores to you your husband and your father. Listen to the recital of what he has done for me.

Then, notwithstanding the entreaties of Meril, Raimond related to us that, upon his arrival at Maguelonne, the night on which the Spanish pirates surprised and plundered the city, being among the first that awoke, and armed only with a stick, he de-

fended himself a long time; but, being at length overpowered by numbers, and covered with wounds, he was taken, loaded with chains, and dragged to the vessels of the conquerors, who set sail again at day break. They carried him to Barcelona, where he was cured of his wounds. The pirates estimated his ransom at so enormous a sum, that the generous Raimond resolved rather to remain in slavery than to cause the ruin of his wife and daughter, by informing them of his hard fate. Resigned to all his misfortunes, he entered as a sailor on board the enemy's fleet; and one day as he lay by the sea shore, he was astonished by the sudden appearance of Meril.

Meril, supposing Raimond to be dead, and having written so to us, dis-

posed of the remainder of his property at Lezan, and went to Rouffillon in order to settle there for life. At this place, being informed by some of the Spanish sailors that Raimond was a prisoner at Barcelona, he hastened thither with his whole fortune, which became the price of Raimond's liberty. The virtuous Meril looked upon that day as the happiest in his life. More happy in his poverty than he had ever been with his riches, he and his friend set out for Mafanne, where they have but just arrived.

Raimond wept in giving us this recital. He ended by taking the hand of his daughter, and addressing the good Meril in these words: Here is the only property I have now left, for all that I possess, could not repay what my ransom has cost thee. Ac-

cept her, my friend, not as an adequate return, (for I would chuse to remain thy debtor) but rather to add to the obligations I owe thee.

Here Nemorin interrupted Rose: It is all over then, said he to her, this crowns my misfortune; I esteem and I love my rival. Meril has merited the hand of Estelle. May they be happy! may they be blessed! and may I alone remain to be lamented.

Rose wished to console him; but Nemorin entreated her to continue the narration.

After this act of friendship in Meril, added Rose, Estelle and Margaret well knew that nothing could possibly suspend the solemnization of a marriage to which Raimond attached even his own happiness.—

The old man, without making any enquiry about what passed during his absence; without expressing either curiosity or dissatisfaction, took Estelle aside; and shewing her, upon his bruised arms, the recent marks of his chains—What day, said he, looking stedfastly at her, wilt thou wed my deliverer? To-morrow, answered Estelle.

Upon this declaration Raimond embraced her; but perceiving that she grew pale, he left her with Margaret, while he proceeded in the necessary preparations for the wedding.

Estelle then wrote to you; but I burnt the letter, as it would have tended only to increase your affliction; and, fearing the despair, dreading the awful misfortunes that it might

draw upon my friend, I set out with Hilaric, to announce to you these sorrowful tidings; to weep with you, and to afford you all the consolation which a tender friendship can bestow. This is the sole motive of my journey; pardon, my friend, the uneasiness I give you.

Are they united then? said the shepherd with a sorrowful countenance. They are, answered Rose; and never was a marriage solemnized under such sad auspices. The unfortunate Estelle, pale, her eyes red with tears, was dragged to the altar. In the act of kneeling, she fell upon the pavement. When she was to pronounce the oath, her weeping and sobbing suppressed her voice; her eyes could not behold the light. Margaret and I, who were observing all her mo-

tions, hastened to her assistance; we supported her between us. Meril wished to postpone the ceremony; but Estelle collected all her strength, rose up again, took Meril's hand, and, with a resolute voice, pronounced the awful word which engages her for ever.

In going out of the temple a sudden fever seized her; we were all apprehensive for her life. Meril, ever attentive to Estelle, without allowing his assiduity to become tiresome, lavished upon her the most kind and tender cares. Three days ago the two spouses had a long conversation, towards the conclusion of which they both wept. Since that time Estelle has been more tranquil, and the fever has continued to abate. Her life is now supposed to be out

of danger, provided, Nemorin, that she see you no more; so her existence entirely depends upon you. If ever you presume to request an interview, if ever you present yourself before her, it is all over with my friend. I therefore entreat you, Nemorin, by my constant friendship, by the virtues of your own heart, by your love and respect for Estelle, not to come near her more. You have no longer any hopes, your fate is finally sealed. Do not add to your troubles by augmenting those of your mistress; by kindling the jealousy of Meril; by rendering her at once the victim of her father, her husband, and her lover.

Here Rose finished. Nemorin kept a stern silence. His unmoistened eyes were fixed upon Rose.

without seeing her; his respiration was interrupted; he could neither speak nor weep. Rose waited some moments; and then holding out her hand to him — Do you hate me? said she. This expression alone made the shepherd burst into tears.

I hate thee! he exclaimed; thou who art the only one upon earth that deigns to pity my afflictions! — I hate thee, my good friend! Ah! so long as this afflicted heart palpitates, it will be penetrated with the most tender friendship for you. It has not long to love you; but its last sentiment will be to obey your will. I shall depart, my dear Rose, I shall every day remove farther from her, from you, from all that is dear to me; I am going, if possible, to the very extremity of the earth. Adieu, my

friend; my only friend, adieu for ever!—Rose, for ever!!—This word was once dear to me, but it is now a bitter expression. Never speak of me to her; let Estelle be ignorant of all the troubles that I suffer. Never pronounce my name; that name, Rose, might disturb her rest. Tell her only that I am gone, that I intend to live far from her, to cure myself, perhaps, of my fatal love; to strive to imitate her example; to forget—No, Rose; no, never!!—Tell her—tell her rather, that my last sigh will be for her; that, when expiring, I shall pronounce her name; that her adored image!!!—Ah! Rose, Rose, my heart did not deceive me on the day I bid her adieu; her own likewise forewarned her!—But the more I converse about her, the

greater difficulty I have in setting out. Adieu, Rose; my dear Rose, adieu!—you will never see me more.

At these words he embraces her neck, and presses her tenderly in his arms.

This shepherdess, who had never in her life permitted a shepherd to kiss her hand, received, without the least fear, the tender farewell of her friend. She likewise embraced him, mixing her tears with his. She even pressed him to her heart—In this her modesty did not reproach her; so true it is, that friendship purifies every thing that belongs to it.

At last, the unhappy shepherd departs from Rose; he goes away hastily, without thinking of Medor, and without regarding his flock, which

He abandons. Rose, alarmed at his frenzy, gets up, and runs after him. She calls after him, and, coming up with him, she resolved not to quit him in the first moments of his despair. She keeps close by him.

ESTELLE.

BOOK V.

O TENDER Friendship, delight of good hearts, thou hast thy birth in heaven; as soon as grief had place among mortals thou didst descend upon earth. Thou camest to support them, to console them, to make them endure life. The creator, ever attentive to mitigate the misfortunes of mankind, opposed thee alone to all human afflictions. Thou art bestowed on man to increase the measure of his blessings over that of his evils. Were

it not for thee, continually the sport of fate, we should pass in tears the short but dreary duration of this life. Without thee, like frail barks, deprived of pilot and helm, constantly beaten by adverse winds, and driven to and fro upon a sea interspersed with rocks, we should perish without pity, or we should escape only to suffer anew. Thou becomest the secure harbour where we take refuge during the storm, where we congratulate ourselves when the danger is past. By thee the unhappy forget their troubles; by thee, the happy double their pleasures. Benefactress of all mankind, thou givest them enjoyments which remorse and fear cannot im-
bitter.

Rose remained three days with Nemorin, and afforded him, during that interval, all the comfort which

the unhappy lover was capable of relishing. Without enquiring whether the road which they were pursuing led to Massanne or not, Rose was occupied solely in quieting the distracted mind of the shepherd. He was the friend of her friend; this alone entitled Nemorin to be loved as a brother. — Rose addressed him by that name in the villages where they arrived at night, and where the people eagerly emulated each other in offering them hospitality.

Hilaric followed the amiable Rose at a distance, and never interrupted their friendly conversation. After three days, however, he reminded the shepherdess that she was still farther from home, and that he was not acquainted with the roads by which they were to return. Nemorin joined with the young guide in persuad-

ing Rose to return to Massanne. Estelle's friend, after making the young shepherd swear that he would be careful of his life, bids him adieu, and for the first time since his misfortune, Nemorin was at last able to shed tears.

Being now left to himself, the sorrowful shepherd retired to the woods, where he remained several weeks, having wild fruits only for his support, incessantly brooding over his hard fate. Resolved, at length, to leave Occitania, he took the first road that offered; and walking on, without keeping any certain rout, after several days, of which he took no account, he arrived in the plain of St. Eulalie. There, exhausted with fatigue, he stops, lies down at the foot of a tree, and shuts his eyes for some moments.

He was soon awakened by a sweet and tender voice. This voice, which was not unknown to Nemorin, thus expressed itself:

You that mourn distant from your Love,
And count each moment as it flies;
Or you, that vainly strive to move
The haughty maid with fruitless sighs,
How lighter is your hapless doom,
What blessing when compar'd to mine!
Bright hope at least for you may bloom—
In lasting, dark despair I pine.

I lov'd a fair in beauty's prime,
Her heart confess'd a mutual flame;
But in this changing scene of time
True happiness is but a name:
'Tis like th' unfolding fragrant rose
That opens her bosom to the day,
Her beauty for a moment glows—
Then all her fading sweets decay.

Now cold in death my charmer lies;
Youth, grace, and beauty could not save,
When fate unpitying seal'd her eyes,
The loveliest maiden from the grave:
Soon shall I slumber by thy side,
In the dark regions of the dead:
If the keen axe the oak divide,
The ivy droops; its honours fade.

Nemorin, moved by these accents, advanced towards the place from which they proceeded. He perceived a shepherd lying upon the grass, with his head leaning upon his hand, and his eyes bathed in tears. No sooner had he viewed him, than he recollected Ifidore, the first friend of his youth, to whom Nemorin had not been able to bid adieu when he first left Massanne, and whom he had not found again in the village, when Estelle brought him back.

The two shepherds, upon the first view, rush into each other's arms, and remain a long time in a reciprocal embrace, before they are capable of uttering a word. Afterwards, tenderly surveying each other, they suspect the cause of their mutual troubles, and in silence they pity one another.

Nemorin broke silence. Friend, said he, I perceive we suffer from the same cause; and love— Ah! exclaimed Isidore, speak only of friendship.

At this word he throws himself again upon the bosom of his friend. However, being impressed with a mutual desire to communicate their sufferings, they retire under the shade of an evergreen hedge; and Nemorin first gives an account of all that had happened to him.

They mingle their tears. Isidore, in his turn, thus relates his misfortunes.

Thou art acquainted with my earliest griefs; thou knowest that, being deprived of my parents from the cradle, I was brought up amongst the shepherds of Massanne, by the good and wise Casimir, whom the poor

constantly lament, and whom the rich have not replaced. He died upon the very day of your first departure from our village. Before he expired he addressed me in these words:

My son, you are of noble extraction; but you have no property. Your father, my best friend, intrusted me with the care of your childhood. I have endeavoured to inspire you with virtue, it is the only inheritance which a shepherd can give. I shall join to it, however, this gold which I have saved, not from the poor, but from myself. If you are inclined to continue the delightful employment of a shepherd, purchase a flock with it. But if the blood from which you are descended glows in your veins, here are titles of nobility; go and fight for our good

king, and may your valour recover what fate has torn from you.

Whichsoever of these two resolutions you may chuse to pursue, my dear son, never forget virtue, and sometimes reflect upon my tenderness.

In saying these words, he gave me a purse, squeezed my hand, and then heaved his last sigh. It is impossible to describe my grief; thou observest my tears flow at the very name of Casimir.

The next day I left Massanne, which appeared as a desert to me. After having endeavoured in vain to find thee out, I determined on going to Montpelier to request a sword from that young hero, the famous Gaston de Foix, who then presided over our States. I set out with my titles, and the gold I received from

my benefactor. Descending towards the ancient city of Sauve, I went along the beautiful banks of the Vidourle, and soon arrived in the charming valley where St. Hippolytus is built. Enchanted with the landscape which surrounded me, I seated myself upon the banks of the river, leaning against an old willow-tree, that I might feast my eyes with the charming prospect.

It was then about the beginning of spring; all the meadows were enamelled with flowers, the linden-trees, the laurel, and the hawthorn, effused their balmy odours in the salubrious air; the bulls and the rams were pursuing the beautiful heifers and the milk-white ewes upon the grass imppearled with dew; the refreshing zephyr at once agitated the blooming trees and the silver streams. The

gentle purling of the rills, and the agreeable rustling of the foliage; the melodious song of the nightingale, the bleating of the fleecy throng, diffused through my soul an involuntary confusion, while I listened in a kind of ecstasy to this song of the shepherdesses.

MILD spring appears in joy array'd,
Now nature laughs in ev'ry grove,
Come let us trip it in the shade,
Give all to pleasure, all to love.
Oh! let us snatch the present time,
Of youth and joy the golden prime!

The murmurs of the streams that flow,
O'er pebbles urging on their way,
The gentle zephyrs as they blow,
All in melting accents say,
Oh haste! oh snatch the present time,
Of youth and joy the golden prime!

The bullfinch, tuneful o'er the plains,
The lark, loud warbling as she springs,
The cooing dove repeat the strains,
And in the grass the cricket sings.
Oh haste! oh snatch the present time,
Of youth and joy the golden prime!

The spring, alas! that quickly flies,
The charms of nature shall restore,
And deck the fields with varied dyes—
The spring of love shall bloom no more.
Snatch then! oh snatch the present time,
Of youth and joy the golden prime!

In the midst of this rapture, in which all my senses were absorbed, a balmy sleep overcame me. My eyes had scarcely closed when thou didst appear to me in a dream; yes, Nemorin, I saw thee with that same blue coat which thou now wearest, that white waistcoat, and that handkerchief tied under thy chin. Thou seemedst to approach me, thou wast leaning upon thy crook surveying me with eyes full of tears.

Flee, unhappy man, saidst thou to me, flee, it is still time. In a moment it will be out of thy power. It is here that love awaits to bring thee under her dominion.—Isidore,

O Ifidore, how much I pity thee! Thou art not acquainted with all-conquering love; ah! mayest thou never know her! mayest thou never feel the woes of absence, the tears of fear, the torments of jealousy, unreasonable vexations, imaginary injuries, and apologies never believed. Ifidore, my dear Ifidore, I am myself a sad example of the inquietudes inseparable from love. Take care that thy condition be not still more pitiable than mine; O beware .

When thou hadst uttered these words, I saw thee no more; I beheld nothing but a frightful desert around, and supposed myself to be seated on the brink of a torrent which rolled a black and muddy water. Near me a white hind had lain down; this charming creature appeared to have

chosen me for a master; but no sooner had I presented it with some flowers which I had just gathered for her, than a monster suddenly rushes out, carries her off, and immediately plunges into the flood.

I instantly awoke, bathed in a cold sweat. I heard the most piercing cries; and, looking wildly around me, I saw two young shepherdesses pale, trembling, and dismayed, ready to precipitate themselves into the river, in order to avoid a furious bull which was pursuing them. I arose; I saw the frightful animal bounding along the bank, with his head down, his eye half shut, presenting two tremendous horns, and snorting volumes of froth from his foaming nostrils.

Accustomed from my youth to vanquish bulls, I run forward and

provoke him; the ferocious animal advances towards me: standing firm, I wait the moment when he lowers his forehead to tofs me; I spring upon his horns, and, leaning on one while raising the other, I throw him to the ground with ease*. The bull falls, and rolls into the river. At the noise of his fall the two shepherdesses return. Cheered to see the bull gain the opposite shore by swimming, they come to thank me for the service I had rendered them.

O my friend, that very moment decided the destiny of my life. Adelaide, the younger of the two shepherdesses, had scarcely reached her sixteenth year. Mildness and gracefulness were painted in all her fea-

* The young countrymen of Lower Languedoc accustom themselves to this manner of combating bulls.

tures. Her beauty, the splendour of which darted through my soul in a moment, seemed afterwards to borrow its charms from her goodness and benignity. In viewing her, it were impossible to withhold your admiration; when she cast a glance upon you, without perceiving her elegance, it were in vain to restrain your love.

Delphine, her elder sister, expressed her obligations, and invited me to their house; but I scarcely understood what she said, so closely did Adelaide occupy my attention. I wished to reply, but my tongue was motionless; a tremor seized me; I stammered out some words incoherently. Delphine perceived my perplexity; I observed her whispering to her sister; Adelaide blushed; I

felt myself in the same predicament, and my embarrassment redoubled.

The two sisters left me, and I dared not to follow them. They stopped at a small distance to gather flowers. Delphine chose the finest, but Adelaide seemed to cull them indiscriminately; and at times, quite pensive, she even cut the grass, and dropped the daffodils which she had already gathered.

Delphine, less absent than her sister, informed her that it was time to retire. To this Adelaide seemed at first to pay no attention. Soon after, however, they both walked towards a castle, situated on the top of a hill, and surrounded with turrets. A goat-herd, who happened then to pass by, informed me that this strong castle was that of Aguzan; that it belonged to an old chevalier, the richest and

most powerful in the country; that he had been for some time a widower; and that he was the father of the two young beauties that I had just met.

Distressed at this information, I instantly foresaw the abyss of trouble into which a hopeless love was likely to plunge me. The propriety of what thou hadst advised me in my dream, recurred directly to my mind. Alarmed at the misfortunes which awaited me, I wished to fly; I resumed my journey, but I could never get beyond the willow-tree where I had fallen asleep. Seated upon the same spot, with my eyes fixed on the place where I had first seen her, endeavouring to consult my own safety, but being unable to think of anything but her, I waited for the approach of the morning.

During the night, I propos'd to depart at day-break. As soon as aurora appeared, I resolv'd to wait till the evening. I travers'd all the meadow, in search of the flowers she had let fall; my heart flutter'd upon finding them again; I kiss'd them repeatedly. More rich with this treasure than with all the wealth upon earth, I sat down again by the willow and sung these words:

FAIR daffodil, a beauteous maid,
Whose colour far surpasses thine,
Has pluck'd and left thee here to fade,
Sweet daffodil be ever mine.

Cropt by the hand that I adore,
Thou sole of all the mead I prize,
The rose and lily please no more,
No other flower can charm my eyes.

O! dearest treasure, while I live
Still let me breath thy scented balm,
Thou that draughts of love canst give,
Thou alone shalt bear the palm.

To deck the bosom of my fair
Would be a dearer bliss to thee;
Yet resting on my bosom, there,
Near my belov'd thou still shalt be.

Just as I had finished, I heard a noise; in turning round I perceived Adelaide and Delphine: I hid the flowers in my bosom, and feigned as if I were going away. Delphine stopped me.

Shepherd, said she, we ought to go away, since we interrupt your songs. My songs, answered I trembling, do not interest any one. Pardon a stranger for having forgotten himself in these charming scenes.

You may remain in them without fear, said Adelaide, these meadows belong to my father; and we are indebted to you enough not to look upon you as a stranger.

In speaking these words she colour-

ed; and she cast a timid look upon Delphine, as if to ask her approbation of what she had said. I wished to answer, but could not. Delphine seemed to feel for my embarrassment. She asked my name, my country, and what had induced me to visit St. Hippolytus. I related to her my misfortune in losing the worthy Casimir. Concealing my birth, I told her that I had now no asylum, no friend, no protector, and that I was going to be a soldier in the army of Gaston de Foix. Delphine dissuaded me from this design; and Adelaide added, that Casimir was not the only one who might love virtue in distress.

At this instant, the meadows resounded with the noise of horns. A pack of hounds soon arrived, accompanied by a number of servants; in

the midst of them an elderly man of a grave and noble countenance, armed with a long crossbow, gave orders to all the hunters.

He appeared at first astonished to find his daughters in the meadow; but Delphine embraced him, wished him agreeable sport, and assured him that their attention to his interest was the reason of their being so early abroad.

For some time, said she to him, you have been in want of a head shepherd; here is one from the Cevennes, where the shepherds are so renowned. I can answer for him; you will not refuse him when you know what he has done for us.

Delphine then related to her father the danger from which I had rescued her. The old Aguzan then questioned me. I repeated, blushing,

what I had already told his daughter. The old man took me into his service, held out his hand to me as a mark of friendship, and charged one of his huntsmen to conduct me to the sheep-folds.

As I departed, I met the eyes of Adelaide. This glance completely bereft me of my reason. I took the flock under my care. The very next day I led them into this beautiful meadow, now become so dear to me. Adelaide came thither again; I ventured to accost her, I presumed to speak to her; she answered with that mildness, that gracefulness, that modesty, which, while they augment, at the same time purifie, love; and transform the most ardent of passions into the most amiable of virtues.

Adelaide talked to me of my def-

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tiny; it was upon her alone that it depended. She expressed the most ardent wishes for my happiness, and pointed out to me the means of pleasing her father. I knew how to put them into practice. In the course of a few weeks, I became the old man's favourite. I presided over the farm, the flocks, and the house. Adelaide congratulated me upon my success. I was indebted to her counsels for it; I could not suitably express to her my gratitude, and the happiness I enjoyed. Fearing to speak too much, I did not say enough. The respect with which her presence inspired me, was still superiour to my love.

Our pleasing conversations became more and more frequent. Adelaide and Delphine came every morning

into the meadow; I was at the castle the rest of the day. I never pronounced the name of love, yet Adelaide was assured that I adored her: she never said a word to me which her father ought not to have heard, and yet I was certain of being beloved by her.

At last I ventured to declare my birth, which seemed to give her great pleasure. A ray of hope began to dawn in our souls. But what infatuation! the most awful calamity was approaching.

One day, later than usual, Adelaide came to see me in the meadow. She was dull; her face no longer possessed those brilliant colours which vied with the vermillion apple. Her eyes had lost their lustre; and her hands, while she pressed mine, trembled.

My friend, said she to me in a faint voice, last night my father informed us, that, in order to procure my sister the most conspicuous match in the province, he had determined that I should take the veil. Delphine shrieked with horror. She fell at her father's feet; she supplicated him to break off a marriage which would render us both unhappy. My father repulsed her; irritated at her entreaties and my silence, he declared to me, in a severe tone, that to-morrow he would conduct me to the convent of Anduze, whence I should never more come out. The tears, the lamentations of my sister, served only to inflame his anger. To gratify his ambition in having the young count D'Affier for a son-in-law, he sacrifices that fond tenderness which he

has hitherto-taken delight in bestowing upon me*.

But I shall not reach the convent, my friend. The emotion, the terror which I have experienced on this account; the fury in which I saw my father, the apprehension of not seeing thee more, have given me a shock which must have fatal consequences. A violent fever has consumed me all night; my head and my whole frame seem to be on fire; I can scarcely support myself. The certainty of sinking under my afflictions has enabled me to surmount them, to come and see thee once more, to bid the last adieu to this beautiful meadow, the asylum of

* Such fatal examples of the daughters of the nobility being sacrificed to the ambition of their fathers, or to the interest of their families, have been more frequent in Languedoc than in any other province.

our loves. My heart is even now melting at the view; my tears flow while I look at yon venerable willow!—where, for the first time— Support me, my friend, carry me hence, I shall here regret life too much.

Pronouncing these words she fainted; I supported her, I called to her, but she did not answer. I carried her in a swoon to the castle, where her women conveyed her to her bed.

In a short time her disorder was at its height. The old Aguzan wished that I should assist Delphine in the care of her sister.—Thanks be to heaven for that kind order! I never after left Adelaide an instant. Always employed in serving her, constantly kneeling at the foot of her bed, while Delphine was sitting at the head, we thus passed nine days

and nine nights, shedding tears when Adelaide happened for a moment to slumber, and composing ourselves again when she awoke. — Ah! my friend, how painful is that assumed air of ease! how much have Delphine and I suffered, in concealing our tears under a smiling countenance; in affecting a hope which was not in our hearts! Death, death which we dreaded for Adelaide, would have been an hundred times more sweet to us than such continual torments.

In the mean time the old Aguzan, touched with the dangerous situation of his daughter, sent for medical assistance to Montpellier. The physician waited till the eleventh day, in order, if possible, to give us a ray of hope, or to take it entirely from us. The eleventh day arrived; the dangerous

symptoms increased; and the physician left us: when I saw him departing I fell motionless upon the ground.

Recovering myself, I resumed my accustomed station close to the bed of Adelaide. She was unable to distinguish one person from another; her delirium was such that she raved for four days successively. — She however looked steadfastly at me; and, surveying me with that frightful smile, which must draw tears even from the most hardened:

I am cured, said she to me, to-morrow I shall marry Isidore; to-morrow I shall be the wife of the most amiable of husbands. After that I shall die; such is my promise; I wish you to be present at my wedding, and to die with me.

Having uttered these incoherent words, she stretched out her hand to

me; but her father appearing, she pushed me away, spoke about the convent, and her ravings changed into a fit of the deepest despair.

At the approach of night, her disorder seemed somewhat to abate. It was now the twelfth night, and Delphine and I had not yet been able to close our eyes. Delphine wished her father to retire: being overwhelmed with fatigue, she threw herself upon a couch, where, notwithstanding her grief, a profound sleep invaded her senses. All the women, all the servants of Adelaide were asleep. I alone watched in her room. She was quiet; overpowered by the violence of her disorder, she dropped into a gentle slumber. I observed her for a long time: I contemplated that face, but a few days ago the most lovely in nature, now

red, inflamed, covered with a tense and dry skin; that mouth, lately the habitation of the loves, whence proceeded expressions of kindness and tenderness only, now exhaled a quick and burning breath. I wished to respire it; I had a strong desire to catch the disorder and die with her. I softly approached towards her head, placed myself upon her pillow, and, with a horrible pleasure, collected the breath as it issued through her lips.

The happiness which I enjoyed in leaning upon the same pillow with Adelaide, the extreme fatigue and the watchings of the preceding days and nights overpowered me in spite of all my efforts, not with sleep, but with a deep oppression which took away the use of my faculties. All my strength was exhausted, all my senses

stupified; having suffered so much, I was insensible of my pains; and I seemed to experience that awful kind of repose which annihilation affords. My eyes, however, remained open, they were immovably fixed upon her, since I thought I saw her, and I saw her in reality, turn round her head, look at me, raise herself gently upon her elbow; and, looking firmly at me, she addressed me in these words, which still resound in my ears:

My beloved, I shall now leave you, I shall leave you for ever.— I thank you for having loved me; you have rendered happy all that period of my life in which I have known you. I am dying, my friend; I am very certain that I shall not die in your heart, and that no other will ever supplant me there. For my part, if, as I hope, one may still love after

death, my soul, waiting for yours, shall always be occupied about you, shall follow your steps, shall be constantly with you, shall be the attentive spectator of your actions and of your sentiments. Think of it every time you shall weep for your friend, your tears will then be less bitter. Adieu; adieu, my friend; my death is not painful, since I die almost in your arms. It would be still more delightful if I could say to you, adieu, adieu my husband. Receive this title, my beloved; I this moment give it you; I take God to witness, who seeth us always, and death, which now hovers over my head. — Here it is, I feel it! Receive quickly, my husband, this ring, which I have worn from my childhood, and which I give to you as a pledge of my faith. Receive also this kiss

from your wife; it is the first which she has given, and it will be the last.

At these words I felt her lips touch my face, and a warm tear dropped from her eyes upon my cheek. I instantly recovered; I looked at her! — she was no more!! — She was no more, Nemorin, and I found the ring which she had worn from her childhood, and I felt upon my face the warm tear which had fallen from her eyes —

I rise up, cry out, and call her my wife; I press her, I draw her close to my heart. Delphine awoke, and tried in vain to calm me; I push her from me. She redoubles her efforts, she fears the arrival of her father; she orders the servants who attend her to drag me away from the body of her sister. They seize me,

they wish to carry me away. I throw myself down and cling to the floor; I drag myself towards her bed, against which I strike my head, not knowing what I do; my blood mixes with my tears, and trickles down my face. — Delphine entreated me upon her knees to follow her out of that room. She forced me out of the castle; and, fearing her father's fury against me, whom so many witnesses had informed of my love, she requested of me a promise to remove far from this place of woe. I gave her my oath. — I hid myself in the neighbouring woods; oppressed with a stupor occasioned by the excess of my grief, incapable of thinking, wandering at night into caverns, shouting with the most hideous cries, and still calling upon Adelaide; and, that I might ne-

ver more behold the sun, in the day time I laid my face to the ground.

At last I left these woods. I travelled from village to village, complaining every where of my deep distresses, begging bread, which was given to me as to an idiot. I yesterday heard that the Spaniards had declared war against us; that they were over-running our country with fire and sword. I seek them in order to meet death. I enquire in every place where the enemies are, that I may go and rush upon their spears.

This is the history of my misfortunes, such is my destiny. My friend, I beseech thee, weep with me, and attempt not to administer any consolation.

SUCH was the narrative of Ifidore.
—Nemorin, unable to speak, pressed him in his arms a considerable time. Resolved never more to part, the two unhappy youths rise up, and prepare to set out again, when a noise from behind the hedge against which they had been sitting attracted their attention. They perceive a warrior standing on the other side, who was observing them with compassionate looks.

This warrior, scarcely nineteen years of age, was tall and slender; his face, mild and handsome, had all the graces of youth; his long black hair fell in tresses upon his armour;

his helmet, adorned with feathers, lay at his feet; a white scarf, ornamented with flower-de-luces of gold, sustained his sword, which was enriched with precious stones. Every thing testified that he was of the princely line; and his eyes, his features, his air of grandeur, of courage, and of goodness, bespoke him the hero.

The two shepherds, impressed with respect, retired in silence, when the prince, advancing towards them:

Stop, shepherds, said he, stop; I wish to see no one fly before me but the enemies of France. Concealed behind those shrubs, I have heard your discourse; I have shed tears at your misfortunes. I beg of you to accept from me all the consolations which my rank and my friendship can give. I am born a prince, but I am a man; and my heart approxi-

mates to all those whom my fortune keeps at a distance from me. Take courage, therefore, my shepherds, take courage, and give an entire confidence to the words of Gaston de Foix.

Upon this the two shepherds kneel before him. Gaston, nephew of Louis XII. was governor of Occitania; his kindness, his justice, his compassion for the distressed, had already made him the object of veneration and affection to all the inhabitants of the province. There was not a shepherd who had not heard of Gaston; they knew that it was to him they were indebted for the happiness which they enjoyed. The mother, who every morning instructed her child to thank the Supreme Being, taught him also to bless the name of Gaston.

The prince stepped forward to raise the shepherds. How much am I delighted, said he, in having left my camp, to breathe in this spot the freshness of the morning! Yesterday, I had the happiness of relieving two unhappy persons; God rewards me for it to-day, by directing me to two others.

In pronouncing these words, he presented his hand to the two shepherds, who kiss it, shedding tears of admiration. Never more leave me, added Gaston, come with me to defend your brethren. The virtuous Louis, judging the heart of kings by his own, thought that treaties were more sure than conquests; he is punished for his confidence. The perfidious king of Aragon has just sent an army under the command of the valiant Mendoze. Half of Langu-

doc is plundered; Mendoze is already under the walls of Nismes. I go to defend them; follow me, brave shepherds, change your crooks for lances; and may the glory of usefully serving your native country console you for your misfortunes in love.

Thus he spoke: the two shepherds follow the hero to his camp, and are determined never to quit him.

ESTELLE.

BOOK VI.

O GRANDEUR, how noble thou art when virtue renders thee useful! — How grateful is it to a soul of sensibility to see a man of rank and power employed in succouring the distresses of his brethren! — How often have I enjoyed it! how often have I seen the unhappy, in tears of gratitude, surround him who relieved their distresses; he who, born and educated in a royal palace, leaves his pomp

and splendour, and flies to their cottage, to build it if destroyed, to restore plenty and peace! — I see him every day, that beneficent mortal, travel over his immense domains, and, of his own choice, repairing thither the moment the poor require his assistance. Where the rigours of winter are most felt, where the raging flames have committed devastation, where the overflowing rivers have carried away the hope of the labourer, where the hungry wolves have spread terrour, there you may certainly expect to meet him. Ever employed in searching out misfortune, he effaces the traces of it almost as soon as it approaches. He appears, and the poor is rich, the unhappy dries up his tears, the oppressed regains his rights. It is for

them that he loves his rank; it is for them that he possesses riches. His reward consists in bestowing the favour, especially where it remains unknown.—Ah! may his modesty take courage; my respect and my affection forbid me to name him.

Ifidore and Nemorin, conducted by the amiable prince who had so much interested himself in their affairs, pursued the road to his camp in silence. They contemplated the nephew of their king; they were admiring in him the wonderful union of grandeur and goodness, when the young Gaston, to divert them from their grief, talks to them of their country, of the advantages which distinguish it above the other states of Louis, and of that celebrated

city where the Troubadours assemble every year, competitors for the three golden flowers which are given as the premium of genius.

The prince was ignorant of the origin of this ancient and famous custom. Nemorin, eager to inform him of it, sings to him the story of Clemence Ifaura, which a shepherd of the banks of the Ariege had taught him.

CLEMENCE ISAURA.

A FAIR one in Tolosa dwelt,
Clemence Isaura was her name,
Her peerless charms young Lautrec felt,
And fierce and mutual glow'd their flame.
They lov'd: but love no pow'r could find,
To sooth her rigid father's breast;
'Tis ever thus the feeling mind,
Lives but to weep and taste no rest.

Isaura, by Alphonso's voice,
Was doom'd to grace another's bed,
Fix'd to her dear and only choice,
Low at his feet she laid her head:
Ah! let these bitter days atone —
Such sacrifice your rage demands,
My life you gave is still your own,
My heart is in young Lautrec's hands.

Deaf to affection's tender calls,
Revenge the father's bosom sway'd,
Within a turret's dreary walls,
In chains he lock'd the beauteous maid.

Lautrec, sad object of his rage,
Sits by the tow'r to mourn his fate;
So the bird flutters round the cage,
That parts him from his captive mate.

At hush of night the well-known sounds
Struck on Isaura's list'ning ear,
Swift to her bars she flies, she bounds,
Mingling her words with many a tear:
Sweet friend, thy useless grief forbear,
Nor cells nor bolts my faith can move,
Easy and light these chains I wear,
Since 'tis for thee, mine own dear love.

Bow to the storm's all-bending might,
Hie thee to Philip's royal court,
Gain by thy matchless deeds in fight,
Esteem, protection, and support:
Here the wild rose in wreaths I twine,
With heart's ease, and with violet blue,
Poor as I am—these yet are mine,
I give them as a pledge to you.

The wild rose is my darling flow'r,
My fav'rite hue the violet wears,
Heart's ease—ah! would to heav'n, thy pow'r
Could ease the pains a lover bears!—
And lest the wither'd nosegay burn,
I water it with floods of tears;
May each of these recall, in turn,
Our woes and joys—our hopes and fears.

She said, and through th' unyielding bar,
The posy to her lover cast;
Alphonso, Lautrec spied afar,
And, trembling, fled away in haste:
Northward to France his footsteps bent,
His mind was measuring back the ground,
The skies with her lov'd name he rent,
And echo dwelt upon the sound.

As onward still he plods his way,
Fame, whilst she wings her rapid course,
Cries that his native town a prey
Must fall to the besieger's force.
Back to Tolosa swift he sped,
And saw, aghast with speechless woe,
The choicest blood that e'er was shed,
Spilt by the daring English foe.

One warrior still disdains to fly,
Destruction mark'd him as her own,
His face soon caught young Lautrec's eye,
'Twas stern Alphonso's heart of stone!
With thund'ring blows and mingled shouts,
His breast he makes the old man's shield;
Tho' wounded, Edward's men he routs,
And drives them beaten from the field.

The wound is mortal, down he falls,
Adorn'd with conquest e'en in death,
To shy Alphonso, saint, he calls,
And vents, in sighs, his fleeting breath:

Ah! why oppose a love so chaste,
 Ah! why my tender suit deny;
 Thy life I save, and thus I taste
 Revenge for thy barbarity.

Grant this my last and sole request,
 Bless the sweet maid, so dear to me;
 Tell her that as I sunk to rest,
 I sent my long farewell by thee;
 As eke these flow'rs, all drench'd in gore,
 The dearest treasure of my heart;
 And, with my dying lips, once more,
 Ah! let me kiss them ere we part.

He spake and died. — His bosom wrung
 With fruitless grief — Alphonso went —
 The wreath he gave — his falt'ring tongue
 Could scarce relate the sad event.
 Not long behind Isaura staid,
 She wept till death had dried the source,
 Trac'd by thine hand, poor hapless maid,
 This will e'en yet remains in force.

That in remembrance how she lov'd,
 The flow'rs should as a prize belong
 To those who most expert were prov'd,
 Each circling year, in verse and song.
 Her large estate remain'd to pay
 These flow'rs, wrought all of precious gold;
 Her faithful country to this day,
 Observes the custom now grown old.

Nemorin had just finished his pathetic tale, when they arrived at the fountain of Bourbon, where the camp of the young hero was situated. The two shepherds gazed in astonishment. Those piles of brilliant lances; those pavilions, the streamers of which waved in the air; those standards spread over with flower-de-luces; all this warlike equipage, so new to them, filled their mind with admiration. The prince perceived it, and, smiling at their surprise:

Shepherds, said he to them gracefully, these are our cottages; they are indeed not so tranquil as yours, but love dwells in them also. In the midst of the tumult of arms, we here sigh like you; and, like you, we are faithful.

While he was speaking, he saw some of the principal chieftains of the army advancing towards him; the brave Narbonne, the sagacious Mirepoix, the prudent Crussol, the young Bernis, and the amiable Duroure. Those valiant warriors, whose noble ancestors were the honour of Occitania, brought to their general a soldier of the garrison of Nismes, wounded, and oppressed with fatigue. This young soldier delivered a letter from Taleyrand, the governor of the city, and related that, being pursued by the Spaniards, in traversing the camp he received two strokes from a cross-bow, which did not however stop his course. The prince made the soldier a handsome present, and ordered Nemorin to take care of his wounds.

The shepherd had no need of this order; he recollected this young messenger: it was Hilaric; the amiable youth who conducted Estelle into the beautiful valley. Nemorin embraced him a thousand times. When his wounds were dressed, he asked what had induced him to leave his country, how long he had quitted Massanne; he dared not to pronounce the name of Estelle, but he multiplies his questions upon every thing which has the smallest reference to that shepherdes.

Thou art ignorant, then, of our dreadful calamities, replied Hilaric. A detachment of the Spanish army penetrated into our retreats, ravaged our estates, destroyed our flocks, burnt our houses; never_____

What sayest thou? cried Nemorin, and what has become of Estelle?

She has fled, answered Hilaric, as have the greatest part of our inhabitants. Estelle, Meril, old Raimond, Margaret, Rose, and myself, went to seek an asylum within the walls of Nismes, where we did not apprehend we should have been besieged. But the terrible Mendoza arrived the next day; Mendoza surrounded the city. Being reduced to the utmost extremity of want, our governor enquired for a soldier who would attempt to pass through the Spanish camp, to carry a letter to Gaston. I offered myself. I have succeeded; and your prince is informed, that if he delay only two days longer, Nismes will be compelled to surrender.

Thus spoke young Hilaric. Nemorin bid him repeat that Estelle escaped from every danger. He

learns, with a degree of pleasure mixed with pain, that Meril is entirely engaged in promoting the happiness of his spouse; that, in the course of her flight, he has several times exposed his life in her defence; and that, since his arrival at Nismes, no soldier has behaved with more zeal or more valour than Meril.

While Nemorin applauded the qualities of his rival, Gaston assembled a council of war, and determined to give battle to Mendoza. Every obstacle is foreseen, every hour is calculated; but it was of importance to inform the governor of the city, even that very night, of his design, that he might prepare a sortie, which might insure the victory. Hilaric, being wounded, was unable to return to Nismes. It was necessary that another messenger should pass

over, before day, twelve dangerous leagues, and that he might escape the enemy's guards. The undertaking was dangerous. Nemorin presented himself to the enterprize.

Gaston embraces him, and delivers to him a letter for the brave Taleyrand. Isidore being unwilling to separate from his friend, they both arm themselves with a lance, and set out immediately.

Animated by all the motives which influence ardent minds, the two friends accomplish their journey in six hours. The dawn had not yet appeared when they were close upon the Spanish camp. They then quit their rout, take a circuit through the vineyards, and reach that quarter of the city which they suppose to be least guarded.

But the prudent Mendoze, to pre-

vent any surprise from Gaston, had placed strong guards all over the country. The unlucky shepherds advance in silence under cover of a long hedge, which, while it seemed to favour their route, concealed from their view one of the enemy's out-posts. At the turning of this hedge, they find themselves opposite to the patrol; in a moment they are surrounded by eight soldiers, who desire them to surrender. Isidore, with his lance, runs through the first who presented himself. In a moment he falls drowned in his blood. Nemorin wishes to defend him, but he receives a large wound; and while he reaches his hand to raise up his companion, they rush in and disarm him.

Friend, said Isidore in a dying tone, congratulate me; I die; I go

to rejoin Adelaide. My only regret is to leave thee in this perilous situation; my only grief—— He cannot finish, he expires. The Spaniards drag Nemorin away, who desires to be conducted to their general.

Being come before Mendoze, surrounded on all sides, he produces the letter which Gaston had intrusted to his charge; and, looking at the Spaniard with respect and courage—— My Lord, said he, I have sworn to suffer death rather than deliver up this letter to you. Open then my body to read it.

In pronouncing these words, he tears the letter to pieces and swallows it.

There was immediately a general shout, and a thousand swords were raised against Nemorin. Mendoze disperses them all.

Stop, cried he; stop, brave Castilians, respect a noble action which you would doubtless have performed yourselves. Courage, without defence, has always been held sacred by Spaniards. And thou, young and valiant soldier, return to him who sent thee; tell him that my vigilance must have prevented thee from entering Nismes, but that without deigning to be uneasy about his mysterious designs, Mendoze proposes to him a method of delivering the besieged city. Let him appear with his army; and in the presence of the Spaniards and the French, let him enter the lists with me alone. If he is conqueror, the siege shall be raised; I give him my honour: if he is vanquished, I require of him his word of honour, that the city shall be surrendered to me.

After these words, he made Nemorin's wound be dressed, and ordered an escort to conduct him back. It is thus, said he to him, that Spaniards treat virtue even in their enemies. May the French always find the same generosity in other nations, when their warriors shall revive the glorious example which thou hast this day shewn!

Nemorin, penetrated with admiration for Mendoze, but afflicted at having failed in his enterprize, and particularly so for having lost his friend, requests of the Spanish general to bestow funeral honours upon the unfortunate Isidore. After having obtained this sad favour, he hastens to leave the camp, and soon rejoins Gaston, who was advancing with rapid steps.

The shepherd gives the prince an

account of his unsuccessful journey; his tears flow afresh to the memory of the unhappy Ifidore; he extols his virtue, his courage, and scarcely speaks of what he had done himself. Gaston laments the unfortunate youth; but as soon as he was informed of the challenge of Mendoze, he congratulates himself upon having an opportunity of exposing his life for his country; he is ardent to engage, and orders his troops to quicken their march.

During this interval, the governor of Nismes, ignorant of Mendoze's cartel, and no longer expecting to see Gaston, makes a bloody sortie, equally destructive to both parties. Repulsed within his walls in spite of his efforts, in spite of his valour; reduced to the last extremity, he was going to hoist the white flag, when

the centinels from behind the parapets announce the approach of the French army.

At the same time they see a trumpeter from Mendoze advancing to the gates with a letter for Taleyrand. They conduct him blindfolded to the governor. In that letter the Spaniard proclaims his combat with Gaston, and requests that the disposal of the city may be delivered into the hands of the prince. Taleyrand agrees, he swears to surrender if the Count de Foix is conquered. The citizens, informed of these conditions, look upon themselves as delivered.

The young Gaston, after having encamped his army in the beautiful plain of Vistre, sends to enquire of Mendoze the day of combat, the hour, the place, and the arms. The

Spaniard appoints the following day, at day-break, on foot, with sword and poignard, in presence of the two armies. Gaston delivers his pledge, and receives that of Mendoze. The barrier is immediately formed; the two warriors prepare; and both camps put up their ardent prayers to heaven.

As soon as aurora appeared, the ramparts of Nîmes were seen lined with soldiers. All the walks around the fortification, the tops of the temples and of the houses were covered with multitudes of people. The Spanish lances glitter upon the summit of the Tour-Magne. Different parties of the French or Castilian troops occupy the summits of the hills; and the more remote mountains are overspread with the inhabitants of the adjacent country, who,

with uplifted hands, are supplicating heaven in favour of their defender.

The French soldiers issue from their tents in crowds. Their light battalions range themselves in front of the enemy. The chiefs of the army, and the soldiers, are mixed indiscriminately together. Equality of courage, freedom, and national gaiety, render them quite familiar. Leaning negligently upon their lances, they seem as if they attended a public entertainment. Without animosity or fear, they smile upon their enemies, inform them of Gaston's prowess, and seem to pity Mendoze for having provoked this young hero. The Castilians are seized with a silent horror. The French laugh, and sing the following song.

GASTON, thy country now relies,
Upon the vigour of thine arm,
Think on the lustre of those eyes,
That e'en midst war's grim scenes can charm.
Prepar'd for ev'ry kind of fight,
No scar unmans, no frown can move,
In happy trio we unite,
The name of French with war and love.

Should the proud foe, or stubborn fair,
Nurs'd in the lap of victory,
Their hearts and countries idly dare
Still to preserve in liberty—
Aw'd by their fears, they yield at sight,
And cry, alas! in vain we strove,
Since in blest'd trio they unite,
The name of French with war and love.

Fair one, your rigour lay aside,
You o'er your victor soon will reign,
Quit, haughty foe, thy wonted pride,
And know us gentle and humane.
To those who crouch beneath our might,
Our lavish bounties amply prove,
That, in blest'd trio, we unite,
The name of French with war and love.

Mendoze however soon appeared,
mounted on a superb Andalusian
courser, which, checked by his mas-

ter's hand, prances and capers under him, making the foam which blanches his gilded bridle fly before him. Jewels shone upon his armour; a red plume shaded his helmet; a scarf of the same colour sustained his bright sword. He advances with a lofty and serene air, orders the barrier to be opened, leaves his courser at the entrance, and walks about till Gaston arrives.

The prince was coming up at full gallop. White feathers waved upon his head; his armour of polished steel surpassed the diamond in lustre. On his buckler a cypher with an amorous motto was engraved; the same cypher was embroidered upon his scarf covered with flower-de-luces. Quick as lightening, he flies, he arrives, he rushes forward to the ground, leaps over the barrier before it can be o-

pened, salutes Mendoze, and demands the signal.

The trumpets found; the two combatants, armed with a sword and a poignard, commence a most furious attack.

Gaston, more impetuous than his valiant adversary, makes at the same moment four thrusts at him which are all parried. Mendoze, in his turn, advances one step towards Gaston, points his sword at his face, and quickly lowering it upon that of his adversary, gives him a thrust in his side, from which the blood immediately flows.

At this, the French are alarmed, and the Spaniards shout for joy. But the dexterous Gaston, the moment he is struck, turns to the right, by which movement he renders the wound less deep, and, at the same instant dis-

playing his left arm, he makes a push with his poignard at the breast of his antagonist. The poignard breaks in the coat of mail; the armour of Mendoze is now reddened with his blood; and the French in their turn answer to the shout of the Castilians.

Gaston had nothing but his sword; Mendoze perceived it, and immediately threw away his poignard—Prince, said he, no advantage; let our arms be as nearly matched as is our valour.

In speaking these words, he advances upon Gaston, who receives a blow upon the head which made the hero stagger. Gaston falls back, springs to one side, and, collecting his strength, makes his sharp sword fall upon the helmet of the Spaniard. The blow was terrible. The divided

helmet fell to the ground; Mendoze himself lost his poise, and had very nearly fallen; but he recovers himself and is more formidable than before. Stop, cries Gaston to him, the danger would no longer be equal.

Thus having said, he immediately takes off his helmet, throws it down, and renews the combat.

The two armies, struck with admiration, trembled for their valiant commanders. Their heads were no more covered than their swords, and their reiterated strokes chill the brave soldiers on both sides with mutual terrour; when suddenly a courier arrives, covered with dust; he spurs on towards the barrier with all the swiftness of his horse, and calls upon the two heroes to stop the combat.

This cry being repeated from all quarters, Mendoze and Gaston, surprised, suspend their contest. The courier, in the name of the king of France, desires the barrier to be opened, and immediately delivers a letter to Gaston from Louis. The prince, after having perused it, throws down his sword.

No more war, exclaimed he, our two monarchs cease to be enemies. Germaine, my sister, has espoused your master, and become the guarantee of a lasting peace between Louis and Ferdinand. It is to me particularly that this peace is dear, since I prefer the friendship of Mendoze even to the glory of having opposed him.

He thus spoke.—The Spanish hero, moved with so much courtesy, wishes respectfully to kiss the hand

of the brother of his queen. Gaston embraces him; and the two warriors quit the lists to proclaim the peace.

This happy intelligence is quickly circulated. The air is rent with shouts of joy. The gates of the city are thrown open; and the inhabitants invite both the French and the Spanish soldiers to their houses. The two generals, walking hand in hand at the head of the united armies, enter Nismes together, amidst the universal acclamations of the people. They are both conducted to the house of Taleyrand, where their wounds, which are not very dangerous, are dressed. The soldiers are quartered upon the citizens, and the strictest discipline prevents any disorder from disturbing the public rejoicings.

Nemorin, the only unhappy person amidst this general joy, had not quitted Gaston. As soon as the

prince retired to his palace, the forrowful Nemorin wanders about the city, at once wishing and fearing to meet Estelle. He was not bold enough to enquire for her, he trembles in pronouncing her name; but he asks every person he meets if they know Rose and Margaret.—— Scarcely any one even listen to him; and others give him no answer at all. Soldiers, citizens, and strangers, are entirely occupied in the general festivity.

The shepherd was employed a whole day in this fruitless search. In the evening he strolled again into the streets, when, passing near the temple of Diana, he finds himself in the midst of a church yard, where heaps of recent graves recalled to his mind the horrors of the siege. Nemorin here stops to contemplate this

awful place. He sits down on an old tomb; there, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, the only asylum that affords tranquillity to the unfortunate; environed by the shades of night, surrounded with funeral images, Nemorin silently listens to the screechings of the solitary owl, perched on an iron cross at a little distance. He experiences a secret charm in giving way to his profound melancholy; but his attention is presently awakened by the sound of groans and sighs. The shepherd hearkens, lifts up his eyes, and distinguishes through the darkness of the night a woman in mourning, kneeling upon a grave with folded hands, and her head covered with a crape. Nemorin advances towards her; he hears her pronounce these words:

O thou who didst receive all the ef-

teem my heart could give, thou whose wish it was to render me happy, and whose happiness I have not promoted; pardon, my worthy husband, pardon me for having constantly avoided thy chaste love, for having accepted the sacrifice of thy modest desires. It was right I should; I was not worthy of thee. Thou hadst a just claim to a spouse whose heart should be entirely thine; mine could never extinguish the first flame it felt. Ah! at least, if from thy celestial abode thou canst penetrate into the bottom of my soul, thou canst not doubt, my husband, of the sincerity of my regret. The bitter tears which now bedew thy tomb, ought to prove that my respect, that my friendship and esteem for thee, were as dear to me as my first love.

These words, and the voice which

uttered them, had almost persuaded Nemorin that he was in a dream; motionless, transported with astonishment, he listened for a considerable time before he was certain it was Estelle. When he can no longer doubt, he rushes forward, falls at the feet of the shepherdes, and exclaims, almost suffocated with sighs—Is it you who are again restored to me? Is it you whom Nemorin at last embraces?

Estelle, terrified at so sudden an appearance, soon recollects the shepherd; but, without allowing him time to proceed—You are, said she to him in a severe tone, you are upon the tomb of Meril, and you are speaking to his widow! it is neither her duty nor her inclination to attend to you.

At these words she fled. Nemorin, struck with fear, remains in silent a-

mazement kneeling upon the tomb, his arms stretched towards heaven.

However, the desire of knowing the dwelling of Estelle, reanimates him; he rises, follows her close, and observes her enter a house of mean appearance, which the shepherd surveys for some time. At last, with a heart replete with grief, not daring again to deliver himself up to hope, he returns to Gaston's palace, in order to relate every thing to his august patron.

The prince comforted the young shepherd. He did more; he took measures to insure the happiness of Estelle and Nemorin.

His orders were already issued for the inhabitants of Nismes to assemble the next day in the amphitheatre. — Gaston secretly takes care that the old Raimond should be present with

them. The prince, attended by his officers, and by Nemorin, appears in the midst of the assembly, who, on seeing their deliverer, express their gratitude and sensibility by repeated acclamations.

Citizens, said he to them, I have fought for you, but the best of kings is your deliverer; it is he who hath restored to you the blessings of peace. You are indebted to Louis, not to Gaston. Let us unite our supplications to heaven that the father of his people be long preserved to us.

I implore, however, your gratitude for one of your countrymen, who, being charged by me to inform you of the day of my arrival, was taken by the Spaniards, and would suffer death sooner than deliver up the letter which I addressed to you. Here is this virtuous soldier, added

he, pointing to Nemorin; there is but one reward worthy of his magnanimous spirit; and it is of thee, Raimond, that I request it. Nemorin adores thy daughter. The glorious death of Meril leaves her at her own disposal; perform, therefore, the duty thou owest to thy country, by giving Estelle to her worthy lover. Gaston de Foix asks it of thee: Gaston wishes not to command any thing of thee, but he solicits you all, citizens, to join him in prevailing with Raimond.

He spoke; all the people shout applause. — Raimond immediately prostrates himself before the prince. Nemorin was already in that posture. The hero raises them, and desires them to embrace each other.

Do you excuse the felicity which I enjoy? said the shepherd to the old

man in a faltering voice. My daughter is thine, replies the latter; but this marriage, fixed from the present moment, cannot be consummated till the mourning for Meril is over; thou knowest the virtue of Estelle, and thou wilt never— Never shall I entertain a sentiment, interrupted the shepherd, which does not meet the approbation of my father.

Saying this he requests his blessing. Raimond gives it him. The whole assembly applaud, and Gaston dismisses them in these terms:

I leave you, citizens, that I may go and remove the evils of war, that I may go and afford relief to the distressed villagers, whose habitations have been destroyed. Taleyrand and Crussol, you will assist me. As for you, Nemorin, I commit to your charge the distribution of my treasures amongst the inhabitants of

Maffanne. Go and rebuild their houses, go and replant their vineyards, furnish them with new flocks, comfort them, and relieve every one who is distressed in your village, and fear not to exhaust my wealth: I am not rich but when I share it.

At these words the hero withdraws, to avoid the people's transports of gratitude and love. He goes to rejoin Mendoze, and sets out with that warrior, who is to deliver to him the places taken during the war. Before he went, however, the prince left a casket full of gold with Nemo-rin, to dispose of as he pleased, and again made Raimond swear that he would fulfil his former promise.

Oh! how great was the joy of Rose and Margaret when they saw Nemo-rin arrive conducted by Raimond!! Estelle was ready to faint, upon the recital of all that had passed. Her

blushes and silence were the only answer. Nemorin, respecting her mourning, did not utter a single word, not even a sigh escaped him which could distress his shepherds. Intimidated by his own happiness, he hardly ventured to look at Estelle, he scarcely seemed to remember that he had ever been beloved. It was to Rose that he delivered his sentiments, it was with her he seemed to be transported, it was of her he seemed the lover.

They left Nîmes the very next day, and brought Hilaric along with them. They soon arrived at Massanne.— From that moment Nemorin was solely employed in distributing the bounty of Gaston. He rebuilt the cottages, had the land sown, recalled the husbandmen; and, that the days might glide over more swiftly, he employed them constantly in doing good.

At length the long year of mourning expired, and the happy Nemorin became the husband of Estelle. Rose accompanied them to the altar; she could scarce contain her transports. She stopped, she called all those she met by the way, to make them admire Estelle, to talk to them of her virtues, of her past sorrows, of the happiness she was going to enjoy. Tears of gladness flowed down her cheeks; and when Estelle pronounced the solemn promise of unalterable love to Nemorin, notwithstanding the sanctity of the place, and the presence of the minister, Rose could not repress a shout of joy, and instantly embraced her friend.

From that day Rose continued to live in the house of Estelle. Margaret and Raimond, always beloved, ever respected by that amiable family, passed amongst them a long and

peaceful old age. Peace, friendship, and love, were the inheritance they left to their children, whose posterity still exists in the beautiful country where I was born.

O HAPPY COUNTRY, from which fortune has exiled me, not therefore less dear to my heart, I shall at least have celebrated thee; I shall have consecrated to thee the last strains of my rural flute! — Yes, I swear by thy beloved name, that I now bid an eternal adieu to the pastoral muse! I will not permit inferiour airs to profane the pipe upon which I have sung my country. — Oh! what subject could please me now, after having painted the smiling fields where I was first moved by the beauties of nature! charming valleys, happy banks, where, in my youthful day, I gathered flowers! beautiful trees, which my grandfather

planted, and whose towering branches reached to the clouds; leaning on his staff, he made me admire them! limpid rivulets which still water the meadows of Florian, and which I was wont to traverse in my infancy with so much pain and so much pleasure; I shall see you no more! I shall grow old at a melancholy distance from the place of my nativity, from the place where my ancestors repose; and if I attain to an advanced age, the delightful climate of my country will not restore my declining strength! — Ah! why can I not at least hope that my mortal body shall be carried into the valley, where, when a child, I went to see the lambs bound and play! why can I not be certain of reposing under the great lote-tree where the shepherdesses of the valley assembled to dance! I wish their pious hands may water the grass which is to cover my tomb; that

the lover and his mistress may always
chuse it for a seat; that children, after
their sports, may there scatter flowers!

— In short, I could wish that the shep-
herds of the country might sometimes
be affected by reading this inscription:

There lies in this sequester'd spot,
Our countryman, and friend sincere;
To live in cities was his lot,
Though, still unchang'd, his heart dwelt here!

THE END.

The first thing I noticed when I
stepped out of the car was the
familiar smell of the city. It was
just what I needed. I had been
in the country for so long, and
now I was back in the heart of
the city. It felt like I had come
home.

I walked down the street, and
the people around me felt like
old friends. I had been in the
city for so long, and now I was
back. It felt like I had come
home.

I walked down the street, and
the people around me felt like
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APPENDIX.

PART I.

NOTE I.

LANGUEDOC, or OCCITANIA, one of the most beautiful and extensive provinces in France, was anciently inhabited by a people called the Volci. They were conquered by the Romans, under the consulship of Quintus Fabius Maximus, in the year of Rome 634. This country was then called the Roman Province; and afterwards, when all the Gauls had been subdued by Cæsar, Languedoc took the name of Narbonnoise, or Transalpine Gaul. The Romans, ever attentive to attach by their arts the nations conquered by their arms, sent colonies into Languedoc. They carried thither their religion and their manners; they built new cities, re-established the old ones, and took care to embellish them with circuses, temples, master-pieces of architecture, such as amphitheatres, the square of Nismes, the bridge of Gard, and several other monuments which are still admired. Attracted by the beauty of the climate, the families of the

conquerors came in crowds to settle in the Narbonnoise; and the conquered, in their turn, went to seek honours at Rome, where, in the time of Cicero, they were admitted in great numbers into the senate.

Sometimes happy, sometimes oppressed, according as the throne of the world was filled by a good prince, or by a tyrant, the Narbonnoise suffered or profited by the revolutions of the empire. It was converted to christianity under Commodus, about the year 180 of our era, but soon afterwards returned to heresy. When the successors of Theodosius, more occupied to confound the partisans of Arius than to repulse the Barbarians, had allowed the empire to be dismembered, this province, after having been ravaged by the Vandals, the Alans, the Swifs, and the Germans, fell under the power of the Visigoths, who chose Toulouse for their capital, about the year 418.

More flourishing under the government of the Visigoths than under that of the Emperors, the Narbonnoise soon after took the name of Septimania, or Spain citerior. Notwithstanding the victories of Clovis, notwithstanding the continual wars of the Franks, it obeyed the Visigoth kings, established in Spain ulterior, about three hundred years. The Arab moors, conquerors of those kings, and conquerors of Spain, possessed themselves of Septimania about the year 720, but did not keep it long. Conquered, in their turn, at the famous battle of Poitiers, they recrossed the Pyrenees; and the son of Charles Martel, Pepin-le-Bref, who filled the throne of France, made himself master of Septimania, not by right of conquest, but by treaty, in the year 759.

Under the weak successors of Charlemagne, the unhappy Septimania, or Gothia, alternately ravaged by the Saracens, the Normans, and the Hungarians, had Dukes and Marquises, less concerned to relieve its calamities than to render themselves independent of the Kings of France. Then about the year 850, the Raimonds, Counts of Toulouse, began to reign, who, from being simple governors under the first kings of the second race, raised themselves to the possession of the whole province, by right of sovereignty. Several of these Raimonds were worthy of their fortune; but the most illustrious was Raimond of St. Gilles, fourth of the name, well known by his exploits in the Holy-land. See Note 4th. mode of count to p. 114

This hero died before Tripoli, in 1106. His two sons, Alphonso and Bertrand, who succeeded him, one after the other, followed their father's footsteps, and relinquished their European states to fight and die in Asia. These brave warriors were undoubtedly far from foreseeing that, thirty years afterwards, Pope Innocent III. would publish a croisade against their grandson, Raimond VI.; that the barbarous Simon of Montfort, chief of that croisade, would slaughter, pillage, and burn Languedoc, under the same standard of the cross, planted formerly, by Raimond IV. upon the tower of David; that the unfortunate Raimond VI. for not having consented to exterminate his subjects, should be excommunicated, persecuted, publicly beaten with rods by a legate; forced to join in the croisade with his enemies, that he might assist them in laying waste his domains; driven from his capital with his son; stripped of his possessions, that he might

see them pass into the hands of the executioners of his subjects. But, in the midst of so many adversities, Raimond VI. displayed a courage, a patience, and a wisdom, that were invincible. Yielding to the storm when without resource, taking up arms again as soon as he found soldiers, submissive to the church, and displaying a manly resistance against the robbers who had assumed a sacred name, he retook Toulouse and almost all his domains, and died loaded with years, misfortune, and glory.

His son, Raimond VII. had assisted his father in recovering his states. He knew how to defend them against Amaris of Montfort, and against Louis VIII. King of France, to whom Montfort had sold that which he could no longer keep.

The Inquisition, established in the province in the year 1204, was fixed there by the council of Toulouse in 1229. It became a source of calamities. The inquisitors abused their power to such a degree, that Gregory IX. was obliged to suspend their functions. Having been soon after re-established, the funeral piles were again lighted, and the inquisitors were massacred. Their death caused Raimond to have new enemies. He knew how to conjure the storm; and, reconciled with the Pope, and with the King St. Louis, he died lamented by his people, whom he would have rendered more happy had it not been for his continual wars, and especially for the inquisition.

Raimond VII. left only one daughter, named Jane, who had married Alphonso, Count of Poitiers, brother of St. Louis. Upon the death of her father, Jane, his only heir, carried his sovereignty into the

house of France. Alphonso and Jane having died without issue, the one three days after the other, King Philip-le-Hardi, nephew of Alphonso, went to Toulouse in 1271 to take possession of this beautiful province, which has since been inviolably attached to the crown of France.

NOTE II.

UPPER Languedoc, where the climate is mild and temperate, abounds with grain and fruits. Lower Languedoc, less fertile in corn, produces the excellent wines of Frontignan, Lunel, St. Perny, St. Gilles, Cornas, &c. Olives are cultivated there with as much success as in Provence. The principal riches of the country consist in the flocks which cover the Cevennes, and the prodigious number of mulberry trees. The Ariège, the Ceze, the Gardon, and the Tarn, roll their golden sands after the great rains and the melting of the snow; which proves that the mountains contain mines of that precious metal. In several of the cantons of Languedoc are found mines of iron, lead, tin, copper, jet, vitriol, bitumen, antimony, sulphur, and pit-coal. Quarries of marble are common; those of Cosmes, in the diocese of Narbonne, furnish, in abundance, the beautiful veined marble which bears the name of the province. Near Castres, and in other places, turquoises are found, which are not inferior to those of the east. Mineral springs are here very common. The most celebrated are those of Vals, Lodeve, Alais, Servan, Balaruc, Vendres, and a great

number of others. It abounds with medicinal plants; in the environs of Montpellier alone, we may count more than three thousand species. The mountains of the Cevennes present many more.

NOTE III.

ANTONINE the Pious, the model of kings, who found means to immortalize himself by adopting **Marcus Aurelius**, was originally of Nîmes.

NOTE IV.

RAIMOND of St. Gilles, the fourth of the name, Count of Toulouse, rendered great services to **Alphonso IV.** King of Castile, in his wars against the Moors, and obtained, as a reward, his daughter **Elvira**, sister of **Theresa**, who married **Henry** of Burgundy, founder of the kingdom of Portugal. **Raimond** set out for the Holy-land in 1096, at the head of a hundred thousand men. His exploits at the sieges of **Nice**, **Antioch**, and **Jerusalem**, acquired him immortal glory. All the eastern historians speak more of **Raimond** of St. Gilles, than of **Godfrey**, or any other. After the taking of **Jerusalem**, the christians offered the crown to **Raimond**, who refused it. **Godfrey** was then elected. He required that **Raimond** should give up to him the tower of **Dávid**; and the two heroes fell out. **Raimond** nevertheless assisted him in gaining the famous battle of **Ascalon**. The christian

conquerors being disunited, Raimond, with four hundred knights who composed his little army, marched and subdued many cities, which he formed into a principality. He built a fortress called Mount Pelerin, where he established his abode. Elvira, his wife, did not quit him; she accompanied him in his campaigns; and the children, which he had by her, Raimond baptized in the river Jordan. They were to be heroes like their father. At last he died at Mount Pelerin, aged 64 years, having spent about ten years in battles and victories in Palestine.

NOTE V.

JAMES the I. King of Aragon, was born at Montpelier on the first of February 1208. He was son of Mary of Montpelier, heiress of that Lordship, and of the brave Peter II. King of Aragon, who was slain at the battle of Muret in defending his ally, his brother-in-law, Raimond VI. against the usurper Simon of Montfort. Two croisaders of the army of Montfort, Alan de Rouci, and Florent de Ville, had conspired the death of Peter: but the latter had exchanged his armour for that of one of his knights. The two croisaders attack the Knight. Alan not finding, in the defence made by the knight, the great valour of King Peter, exclaimed that it was not he. Peter, who was near the place, hears these words, quickly advances towards the two warriors, takes off his visier, and says to them in a loud voice:—*No indeed, it is not he; but here he is.* At these words he levels a stroke at the

French warrior, and dismounts him. Thence he hastens into the thickest of the battle, where he performs prodigies of valour. But Alan and Florent rally their troops, surround the valiant king, bend their strength against him alone, and conclude by extending him dead upon the ground. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, one of the most amiable monarchs in the world. Peter was tall, well made, magnificent, of a probity equal to his valour. His justice and his benevolence rendered him the idol of his subjects. To the qualities of a good king, he united all the shining talents which at that time could be acquired. He loved and cultivated Provencal poetry, and gloried in being a *good Troubadour*. This great prince, too little known, and particularly too little praised, governed his subjects as a father, and died as a hero, fighting for justice and friendship.

Peter II. left the crown of Aragon and the lordship of Montpellier to his son James I. That prince was worthy of his father. Sixty years of victories against the Moors, entitled him to the surname of *Conqueror*, a truly glorious title for him, as he acquired it only by delivering his country from usurpers who oppressed it. In triumphing over his enemies, he knew how to render his subjects happy. He cultivated literature and the fine arts, and has left us some precious memoirs of his life. I have been a little prolix upon these two princes, because the one acted a great part in the history of Languedoc, and the other did honour to the province where he was born.

After the death of James I. the lordship of Montpellier, otherwise called the county of Melgueil, or

Maguelonne, belonged to the King of Majorca, was afterwards confiscated by Peter IV. King of Aragon, disputed by the Kings of France, purchased in part by Philip-le-Bel, and at last acquired by Philip de Valois.

NOTE VI.

GUY FULCOUR, a Pope, under the name of Clement IV. was of St. Gilles, son of an eminent Civilian. — Guy followed at first the profession of arms, married a young lady whom he lov'd, and had several children by her. He studied law, and in a short time acquired great celebrity. To his profound erudition he joined gifts still more estimable, probity, wisdom, and modesty. Raimond the VII. his sovereign; Alphonso, Count of Poitiers and Toulouse; St. Louis, King of France; and the King of Aragon; employed him in the most important affairs. He lost his wife; after which he entered into holy orders. In his ecclesiastical career he made a rapid progress, being in a short time appointed Bishop of Puis, afterwards Archbishop of Narbonne, next a Cardinal, and lastly advanced to the papal chair.

His new dignity did not inspire him with any degree of pride. Here follows a letter which he wrote to Peter of St. Gilles, his nephew, after his exaltation :

“ The transitory honour with which I am invested,
 “ far from making my relations or me proud, ought to
 “ make us more humble. Do not, on my account,

“aspire to an alliance more considerable for your
 “daughter. Let her marry the son of a simple
 “knight, I promise you for her portion three
 “hundred French livres. If she aspire to some
 “higher match, I shall give nothing at all. Tell
 “my dear daughters, Mabilia and Cecilia, that my
 “intention is that they shall have husbands of the
 “same rank as if I had remained a private clergyman.
 “They are the daughters of Guy Fulcodi, not of the
 “Pope. My whole heart is theirs, but my dignity is
 “nothing to them.” &c.

Clement preserved a tender affection for Languedoc, his native country, and for his old friends. He loved learning; he has left some writings, and the remembrance of a pontiff devoid of reproach.

William of Grimoard, Pope under the name of Urban V. of the house of Duroure, was of Grisac in Gévaudan. His virtues made him worthy of the Tiara. He governed the church with much wisdom, edification, and piety; and died in the year 1370.

NOTE VII.

AMONGST a great number of warriors born in Languedoc, the most remarkable, next to Raimond, is Amalric, Viscount of Narbonne, whose exploits were so celebrated, that in the year 1290, all the villages of the Guelph party leagued together under the title of the *Society of Tuscany*, and elected Amalric as their Captain General. The King of France, Charles-le-Bel, named him General of the army

which he destined against the Infidels. He died in 1328.

The famous Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle of Ravenna, and died at twenty-three years of age with the reputation of the greatest warrior of his time, was born at Mazere, in the diocese of Mirepoix, the 10th of December 1489, son of John V. Count de Foix, and Madeleine of France, sister of Louis XII. Gaston was Viscount of Narbonne, and took the title of King of Navarre. His victories, his youth, his extraordinary talents, and, above all, his amiable virtues, rendered him the idol of the people and of the soldiers. Louis the XII. said of him: "Gaston is my work; it is I who have educated him, and who have trained him to the practice of those virtues which we all now admire in him." This hero died, surrounded with his laurels, at Ravenna, and the loss of Italy was the consequence of his death.

We may also rank with the heroes which this province has produced, Constantia Cezelli, wife of Barri, governor of Leucate, a small city of Lower Languedoc. During the war of the League, Barri was taken by the Leaguers; Constantia was then at Montpellier her native place. Being informed of her husband's misfortune, she made haste to embark at Maguelonne, repairs to Leucate, reanimates the courage of the garrison, and prepares the most vigorous defence. The Leaguers and the Spaniards attack it; Constantia renders all their efforts useless. The base assailants, exasperated by a resistance they ought to have admired, set up a gibbet, upon which they threaten to execute

her husband, if she does not deliver up the city. Constantia, in this horrible alternative, offers all her goods, and even her person for the ransom of her husband; "My fortune and my life are my own," said she; "I willingly give them for my husband: but my city belongs to my king, and my honour to God; I am to preserve them even to my last breath." The besiegers were atrocious enough to hang her husband, and send his body to her. The garrison of Leucate begged its generous commander to deliver up a prisoner of distinction, whom the duke of Montmorenci had sent to make just reprisals. Constantia refused them the prisoner, and avenged herself more nobly upon her enemies, by forcing them to raise the siege. Henry IV. in gratitude, made Constantia *Governor* of Leucate, till her son Hercules was of age. This scene, so sublime and horrible, was acted in 1590.

John du Cailar, of St. Bonnet of Toyras, born in Languedoc in 1585, Marshal of France under Louis XIII. was looked upon as one of the most famous captains of his time. After having performed great services, he died in disgrace, because he had offended the Cardinal de Richelieu.

The Chevalier d'Assas, the French Decius, was from the environs of Vigan, a small city of the Cevennes. Every body knows the heroic sacrifice he made when at Closterkam, in 1760; being posted near a wood during the night, with a detachment of the brave regiment of Auvergne, he entered into it alone, and suddenly finds himself surrounded by a troop of enemies. These, pointing their bayonets at his breast, threaten him with immediate death if he speaks a

word. Upon that word depended the surprise of his post, and perhaps of the whole army. Affas does not hesitate to cry out: "Come to me, Auvergne, the enemy is here!" and he falls pierced with wounds.

Louis XVI. has consecrated the remembrance of this noble action, by creating a hereditary pension in the house of Affas, until the extinction of the males.

Were we here to make a list of all the good officers which this province has produced, and who still serve with honour in their old regiments, more known to the enemies, than to the citizens, of the capital, we should have an innumerable multitude of names.

NOTE VIII.

It would be too tedious here to enumerate all the celebrated magistrates which Languedoc has produced. The famous Nogaret, who served Philip-le-Bel with so much zeal, in the contests of that king with Pope Boniface VIII. was born at St. Felix de Caraman, in the diocese of Toulouse. He applied himself, from his youth, to the study of jurisprudence, and became Professor of Laws at the university of Montpellier, then Chief Justice of the seneschal court of Baucaire and of Nismes, and he was afterwards made Chevalier Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals of France. He owed his elevation entirely to his talents.

John Bertrandi, Keeper of the Seals in 1530, was of Toulouse. When only a lawyer, he was deputed by the States of the Province to carry to the king the *Book of Grievances*; the year following he was nomi-

nated Counsellor to the Parliament of Paris, and became afterwards First President of the Parliament of Toulouse; he obtained the office of Keeper of the Seals in 1551, which Henry II. created for him, the Chancellor Olivier having retired from court. Bertrandi was keeper of the seals till the death of Henry; when he took ecclesiastical orders, became Bishop of Comminges, Archbishop of Sens, and afterwards a Cardinal.

The parliament of Toulouse, instituted by Philippe-Hardi, and which held its sittings from the year 1280, reunited many times to that of Paris, afterwards separated and fixed entirely in Languedoc by Charles VII. in 1443, has generally had for its president some magistrate of distinguished merit. Amongst them the celebrated Duranti is one of the first rank; his end deserves to be recorded.

When the tragical death of the Duke of Guise, and of the Cardinal, his brother, at Blois, had filled the State with troubles, the city of Toulouse signalized itself by its attachment to the league, and by its exertions against Henry III. The Toulousians deputed a chief Magistrate to the Parisians, to swear *the union* with them. They committed the authority to eighteen of the most factious among them, as at Paris they had chosen sixteen, and sent emissaries through the whole province to excite rebellion.

Duranti, First President of the Parliament of Toulouse, and Affis, Advocate General, remained faithful to their duty and to their king. They both became the objects of hatred to the eighteen. And these, being masters of the city, obliged the first president to

call an extraordinary meeting of the chambers, to decide whether the people of Toulouse were not absolved from the oath of fidelity to Henry de Valois, as he had been excommunicated.

The opinions were divided, as Duranti had foreseen; and this magistrate broke up the assembly without coming to any determination. But the palace was surrounded with armed people. The first president, returning in his carriage, was assailed by swords and spears, none of which reached him, by his precaution of stooping down in the midst of his carriage. His coachman drove the horses at full speed back to his master's house; but unfortunately it struck against a pump, and was overturned. Duranti, obliged to descend, took refuge in the town-house. The few friends which he had immediately fled; the shops were shut up, chains were put across the streets, and barricades formed.

The parliament being assembled anew, ordered that Duranti should be transferred to the convent of the Jacobins. He there surrendered himself, escorted by two bishops, confederates, and their dependants. A guard was placed at his door, with orders not to permit him to be seen by any person, not even by his only daughter. Rose Caulet his wife, and two domestics, had permission to enter with him, upon condition of never coming out. His house was searched and his papers seized, but nothing was found which could serve as a pretext for the least reproach.

His death was, nevertheless, much wished for. The leaders of the faction, armed, repaired to the Jaco-

bins, and endeavoured to force the door, but were unable to succeed. They burnt down the gate, and afterwards entered the convent, the guards, who were in concert with them, making not the least resistance. Chapelier, one of the most forward of these assassins, accosted the first president, ordering him to come and answer to the people. Duranti fell upon his knees and prayed, embraced his wife, bade her farewell, and boldly marched on to meet his fate.

When he arrived at the burning gate, Chapelier violently dragging him along, cried in a loud voice: "*Here is the man.*" "Yes" added Duranti, "who was in a gown, and whose serene countenance bore the mark of innocence: Yes, here I am. What crime have I committed to inspire you with this implacable hatred?" Those few words, delivered with an air of grandeur, a remnant of authority diffused upon the face of this venerable old man, the involuntary respect that virtue draws from the guilty, struck the insurgents with awe. A total silence pervaded the whole crowd; they were about to prostrate themselves before the magistrate, when, by a musket fired from a distance, he was shot through the body. Duranti falls, and his last words are a prayer to heaven for his murderers.

The populace soon resumed its fury, dragged the body of Duranti into the streets, and afterwards ran to the conciergerie to massacre Affis, the advocate general.

Thus perished, victims of their zeal and of their fidelity, two virtuous magistrates, men of great un-

derstanding; in whom the province ought to glory; and who have the same right with the Brissons, the Larchers, and the Tardiffs, to the admiration and respect of every good Frenchman.

NOTE IX.

THE taste for that kind of poetry, called *Provençal*, was cultivated at Toulouse as early as the reign of the first counts. Raimond V. his son, his grandson, and many chevaliers of the province, were Troubadours, and were perhaps as well skilled in singing the charms of their ladies, as in fighting for them. In 1323, under the reign of Charles-le-Bel, seven of the principal citizens of Toulouse, under the title of *The Gay Society of Seven Troubadours of Tolose*, wrote a circular letter to all the poets of *Languedoc*, inviting them to come and read their works at Toulouse, on the first of the following May, with the promise of giving a *golden violet* to the person who should have composed, in the Roman stile, the piece judged the best.

On the day appointed, many Troubadours came and resorted to the garden of the seven judges. Their works were read before the chief magistrates, the notables of the city, and a great multitude of people. The prize was adjudged to one *Cirventes*, composed in honour of the Virgin, by Arnaud Vidal de Castelnaudari, who was immediately created *Doctor in the gay science*.

The seven associates continued their assemblies annually, chose a *Chancellor* from among their number,

and gave to another the title of *Beadle* or *Secretary*.— They published statutes which they called *laws of love*. They added two other flowers to the violet, an eglantine and a marigold. At length, their society became so celebrated, that in 1388, John, King of Aragon, sent ambassadours to Charles VI. *to request of him some Poets from the province of Narbonne, in order to form, in his dominions, an establishment of the Gay Society.*

Such was the origin of the Academy of Floralia, which received a new lustre towards the end of the fourteenth century or beginning of the fifteenth, by the liberality of a Toulousian lady, named Clemence Isaure. This lady, who was but little known, left by will enough to defray the expence of the three flowers which the academy of Toulouse still continues to bestow annually. The chief magistrates and the inhabitants of this city, from gratitude to Clemence Isaure, had her statue of white marble erected about the middle of the sixteenth century, which they placed in one of the halls of the Town-house, where it is still to be seen; and every year, upon the third of May, the day on which the prizes are distributed, it is crowned with flowers. Louis XIV. in 1694, established this academy by letters patent. I believe it to be the most ancient of all.

We know nothing more positive about Clemence Isaure. I thought I might be permitted, in a Romance, to make her the only Institutress of the Floralia, and to give a motive for the choice of the three flowers, which were adjudged as the prize. A romance is of so little importance, that I hope the learned will excuse me for having adopted the fiction.

NOTE X.

THIS description is no more than a very faithful and a very striking picture of a charming valley situated between Cardet and Massanne, which is called *Beau-Rivage*, and which nature has rendered an enchanting retreat.

END OF THE NOTES.

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23104

This definition is as good as saying that
a very full and complete knowledge of the
between God and Hell, which is called the
thing, and which makes it so interesting.

APPENDIX.

PART II.

CONTAINING

The original songs in the French language, of which an English translation is given in the body of the work.

SONG.

Volume I. Book I. Page 47.

N^e méprifez point mon enfance;
Celui que vous adorez tous,
Celui dont l'empire eft fi doux
Qu'un foudre fait fa puiffance;
Des bergers, des princes le roi,
N'eft-il pas enfant comme moi ?

Au timide il donne l'audace,
Il rend doux le plus emporté,
Au fage il prend fa liberté,
Et par le bonheur la remplace.
Des héros, des fages le roi,
N'eft-il pas enfant comme moi ?

Bb iij

Il créa tout ce qui respire;
 Son souffle anime l'univers;
 Sur la terre, aux cieux, dans les mers,
 Par-tout il étend son empire;
 De la nature il est le roi,
 Et c'est un enfant comme moi.

On m'a dit qu'un peu de souffrance
 Faisoit acheter ses faveurs;
 Mais pour adoucir ses rigueurs,
 Il nous a donné l'espérance.
 De nos cœurs lui seul est le roi,
 Et c'est un enfant comme moi.

Dans l'art qu'à mon âge on ignore,
 Estelle m'a rendu savant;
 Quand l'astre du jour est brûlant,
 On ressent ses feux dès l'aurore.
 Des Dieux et des hommes le roi,
 N'est-il pas enfant comme moi?

SONG.

Volume I, Book I, Page 60.

Je vais donc quitter pour jamais
 Mon beau pays, ma douce amie!
 Loin d'eux je vais traîner ma vie,
 Dans les pleurs et dans les regrets.
 Vallon charmant, où notre enfance
 Goûta ces plaisirs purs et vrais
 Que donne la seule innocence,
 Je vais vous quitter pour jamais.

Champs que j'ai dépouillés de fleurs,
 Pour orner les cheveux d'Estelle;
 Roses qui perdiez auprès d'elle
 Et votre éclat et vos couleurs;
 Fleuve dont j'ai vu l'eau limpide,
 Pour réfléchir ses doux attraits,
 Suspendre sa course rapide,
 Je vais vous quitter pour jamais.

Prairie où dès nos premiers ans
 Nous parlions déjà de tendresse,
 Où, bien avant notre jeunesse,
 Nous passions pour de vieux amants;
 Beaux arbres où nous allions lire
 Le nom que toujours j'y traçois,
 Le seul qu'alors je fusse écrire,
 Je vais vous quitter pour jamais.

SONG.

Volume I. Book I. Page 62.

ADIEU, bergere chérie,
 Adieu mes seules amours;
 Je vais quitter la prairie
 Où tu venois tous les jours.

Exilé sur l'autre rive,
 J'y parlerai de ma foi;
 Mais, hélas! ma voix plaintive
 Ne viendra plus jusqu'à toi.

Ne pleure pas, mon amie;
 J'ai peu de temps à souffrir:
 Tout mal cesse avec la vie,
 Et qui te fuit va mourir.

SONG.

Volume I. Book I. Page 68.

QUE j'aime à voir les hirondelles!
 A ma fenêtre, tous les ans,
 Venir m'apporter des nouvelles
 De l'approche du doux printemps!
 Le même nid, me disent-elles,
 Va revoir les mêmes amours;
 Ce n'est qu'à des amants fideles
 A vous annoncer les beaux jours.

Lorsque les premieres gelées
 Font tomber les feuilles des bois,
 Les hirondelles rassemblées
 S'appellent toutes sur les toits:
 Partons, partons, se disent-elles,
 Fuyons la neige et les autans;
 Point d'hyver pour les cœurs fideles,
 Ils sont toujours dans le printemps.

Si par malheur dans le voyage,
 Victime d'un cruel enfant,
 Une hirondelle mise en cage
 Ne peut rejoindre son amant;

Vous voyez mourir l'hirondelle
D'ennui, de douleur et d'amour;
Tandis que son amant fidele,
Près de-là, meurt le même jour.

SONG.

Volume I. Book II. Page 75.

L'AUTRE jour la bergere Annette
Ayant perdu son bel agneau,
Pleuroit, et disoit à l'écho
Ses chagrins, que l'écho répète :
Ah ! bel agneau, tu me trompois,
Lorsque tu paroissais me chérir pour la vie ;
Hélas ! d'après mon cœur je n'aurois cru jamais
Que l'on pût quitter son amie.

Je t'ai vu, dédaignant l'herbette,
Mieux aimer souffrir de la faim,
Que de prendre d'une autre main
Les fleurs que t'apportoit Annette.
Ah ! bel agneau, tu me trompois,
Lorsque tu paroissais me chérir pour la vie ;
Hélas ! d'après mon cœur, je n'aurois cru jamais
Que l'on pût quitter son amie.

Au moindre son de ma mufette,
Je te voyois vite accourir ;
Aujourd'hui tu m'entends gémir,
Et tu fuis loin de ton Annette,

Ah! bel agneau, tu me trompois,
 Lorsque tu paroissais me chérir pour la vie;
 Hélas! d'après mon cœur, je n'aurois cru jamais
 Que l'on pût quitter son amie.

SONG.

Volume I. Book II. Page 87.

C'EN est fait, je succombe, ô fortune inhumaine!
 J'ai perdu tout espoir de jamais te fléchir.
 Hâte au moins mon trépas; quel barbare plaisir
 Trouves-tu dans l'horrible peine,
 Qui, sans donner la mort, fait si long-temps souffrir?
 Est-ce donc là le prix de cette flamme pure,
 Dont l'austère vertu n'eût jamais à rougir?
 Et toi que j'ai servi jusqu'au dernier soupir,
 Amour, âme de la nature,
 J'ai vécu pour toi seul, et tu me fais mourir!
 Contre tant de tourments je n'ai plus qu'un asyle;
 Comme moi, sans soutien, j'ai vu le faible ormeau
 Agité par les vents, déraciné par l'eau,
 Tomber: alors il est tranquille.
 J'espère l'être aussi dans la nuit du tombeau.

SONG.

Volume I. Book III. Page 95.

DANS cette aimable solitude,
 Sous l'ombrage de ses ormeaux,
 Exempts de soins, d'inquiétude,
 Mes jours s'écoulent en repos,
 Jouissant enfin de moi-même,
 Ne formant plus de vains desirs,
 J'éprouve que le bien suprême,
 C'est la paix, et non les plaisirs.

Ici rien ne manque à ma vie,
 Mes fruits sont doux, mon lait est pur,
 Sous mes pieds la terre est fleurie,
 Le ciel sur ma tête est d'azur,
 Si quelquefois un noir orage
 Me cause un moment de frayeur,
 Elle passe avec le nuage,
 L'arc-en-ciel me rend mon bonheur.

Dans le monde où tout l'inquite,
 L'homme est en proie à la douleur,
 A peine est-il dans la retraite,
 Que le calme naît dans son cœur.
 De même cette onde en furie,
 Court dans ces rocs en bouillonnant;
 Dès qu'elle arrive à ma prairie,
 Elle serpente doucement.

SONG.

Volume I. Book III. Page 117.

J'AIME, et je ne puis exprimer
 Mes vœux, mon respect, ma tendresse;
 Je ne puis chanter la maîtresse;
 Qu'il m'est si facile d'aimer.

Si je dis qu'elle est la plus belle
 Des bergeres de ce hameau;
 Je n'aurai dit rien de nouveau;
 Ce n'est un secret que pour elle.

Si je parle de ses vertus;
 Amis, parents, tout le village,
 En ont parlé bien davantage,
 Et les malheureux encor plus.

Si, plus hardi, j'ose entreprendre
 De lui dépeindre mes tourments;
 Mon cœur abonde en sentiments,
 Mais mon esprit ne peut les rendre.

Taisons-nous, craignons d'offenser
 La beauté pour qui je soupire;
 Et cessons de si mal lui dire
 Ce que je fais si bien penser.

SONG.

Volume I. Book III. Page 122.

Ce matin, dans une bruyere,
J'allois dénicher ces oiseaux,
Quand un vieux berger en colere
Est venu me dire ces mots :
Méchant, ton adresse cruelle
Mériteroit qu'on la punit.
J'ai répondu: C'est pour Estelle;
Le vieux berger plus rien n'a dit.

Des petits la mere tremblante
Me suit dans le bois, dans les champs
Elle crie, elle se lamente,
Et me demande ses enfants ;
Rends-les-moi, rends-les-moi, dit-elle,
De mes amours c'est le doux fruit.
J'ai répondu: C'est pour Estelle;
La fauvette plus rien n'a dit.

Heureux oiseaux, à ma bergere
Dans vos chants peignez mon ardeur;
Hélas! une loi trop sévere
M'interdit un si doux bonheur.
Némorin, timide et fidele,
Craint Raimond, se cache et gémit;
Son cœur parle toujours d'Estelle,
Mais sa bouche plus rien ne dit.

SONG.

Volume I. Book III. Page 127.

Ah! s'il est dans votre village;
 Un berger sensible et charmant,
 Qu'on chérisse au premier moment,
 Qu'on aime ensuite davantage;
 C'est mon ami: rendez-le-moi;
 J'ai son amour, il a ma foi.

Si par sa voix tendre et plaintive
 Il charme l'écho de vos bois,
 Si les accents de son hautbois
 Rendent la bergere pensive;
 C'est encor lui: rendez-le-moi;
 J'ai son amour, il a ma foi.

Si, même en n'osant rien vous dire,
 Son seul regard fait attendrir;
 Si, sans jamais faire rougir,
 Sa gaité fait toujours sourire;
 C'est encor lui: rendez-le-moi;
 J'ai son amour, il a ma foi.

Si, passant près de la chaumière,
 Le pauvre, en voyant son troupeau,
 Ose demander un agneau,
 Et qu'il obtienne encor la mere;
 Oh! c'est bien lui: rendez-le-moi;
 J'ai son amour, il a ma foi.

*Il est justé de donner au moins une des chansons d'Estelle
dans la langue que parloit cette bergere. La voici telle
qu'elle a été conservée dans le pays.*

Aï, s'avez din vostre villagé
Un jouïn' é tén dre pastourel,
Qué vous gagn' au premié cop d'iel,
E' pieï qu'a toujour vous engagé;
Es moun ami: rendez lou mé;
Aï soun amour, el a ma fé.

Sé fa voix plentiv' é douceto
Faï souspira l'éco d'aou boï,
E' fé lou soun de soun aouboï
Faï soungea la pastoureléto;
Es moun ami: rendé lou mé;
Aï soun amour, el a ma fé.

Sé, quan n'aouso pas ren vous diré,
Sa guignado vous attén dris;
Pieï, quan fa bouqueto vous ris,
Sé vous déraub' un dous souriré;
Es moun ami: rendez lou mé;
Aï soun-amour, el a ma fé.

Quan lou paéuret s'en vén, pécaïre
En roudán prouché soun trou pel,
Li diré: Bâila m'un agnel,
Sé li lou baïl' embé la maïre;
Aï qu'es ben el: rendé lou
Aï soun amour, el a ma fé.

SONG.

Volume I. Book III. Page 135.

ARBRE charmant, qui me rappelle
Ceux où ma main grava son nom,
Ruisseau limpide, beau vallón,
En vous voyant je cherche Estelle.
O souvenir cruel et doux,
Laissez-moi, que me voulez-vous ?

Si quelquefois, sous cet ombrage,
Mes yeux succombent au sommeil,
Je la vois ; mais l'affreux réveil
M'enleve un si chere image.
O souvenir cruel et doux,
Laissez-moi, que me voulez-vous ?

Insensé ! quel est mon délire !
Je ne vis que par mes regrets :
Ah ! si je les perdois jamais,
Que mon cœur seroit prompt à dire :
O souvenir cruel et doux,
Revenez, pourquoi fuyez-vous ?

END OF THE SONGS IN VOL. I,

SONGS IN VOL. II.

SONG.

Volume II. Book IV. Page 7.

J e vous salue, ô lieux charmants,
Quittés avec tant de tristesse,
Lieux chéris où de ma tendresse
Je vois par-tout les monuments.

Lorsqu'une sévère défense
M'exila de ce beau séjour,
J'en partis avec mon amour,
Et j'y laissai mon espérance.

J'ai retrouvé dans d'autres lieux
Des eaux, des fleurs et de l'ombrage ;
Mais ces fleurs, ces eaux, ce feuillage,
N'avoient point de charme à mes yeux.

On n'est bien que dans sa patrie ;
C'est là que plaisent les ruisseaux,
C'est là que les arbres plus beaux
Donnent une ombre plus chérie.

Vol. II.

Cc

Qu'il est doux de finir ses jours
 Aux lieux où commença la vie,
 D'y vieillir près de son amie,
 Sans changer de toit ni d'amours!

- SONG.

Volume II. Book IV. Page 13.

LES BERGERS.

ADIEU, charmantes bergeres,
 Nous quittons ces beaux climats;
 Nous allons porter nos pas
 Vers des terres étrangères;
 Là, jusqu'à notre retour,
 Point de plaisir, point d'amour.

LES BERGERES.

Adieu, nos amis, nos freres;
 Adieu, fideles amants;
 Rapportez des cœurs constants
 A celles qui vous sont cheres;
 Pour nous jusqu'à ce retour,
 Point de plaisir, point d'amour.

LES BERGERS.

Sur ces montagnes lointaines
 Vos troupeaux s'embelliront;
 Mais vos bergers souffriront;
 Et, pour soulager leurs peines,
 Ils n'auront dans ce séjour
 Ni le plaisir, ni l'amour.

LES BERGERES.

Le voyageur solitaire,
 Qui verra notre pays,
 S'arrêtera tout surpris,
 En disant à la bergere :
 Eh quoi ! dans ce beau séjour,
 Point de plaisir, ni d'amour ?

LES BERGERS.

Si, pour nous rendre infideles,
 Les beautés de ces hameaux
 Viennent consoler nos maux,
 Nous dirons : Vous êtes belles ;
 Mais pour nous jusqu'au retour,
 Point de plaisir, ni d'amour.

LES BERGERES.

Si quelqu'amant de la ville
 Venoit d'un air séducteur,
 Pour surprendre notre cœur,
 Nous dirons : C'est inutile ;
 Pour nous jusqu'à leur retour,
 Point de plaisir, ni d'amour.

SONG.

Volume II. Book IV. Page 24.

Du soleil qui te suit trop lente avant-courrière ;
 Etoile du matin, fais briller ta lumière ;
 Hélas ! pendant la nuit, je desire le jour.
 Mais dès que ses rayons éclairent la contrée,
 Je ne puis souffrir sa durée,
 Loin de l'objet de mon amour.

Cc ij

APPENDIX.

Tout est calme, tout dort dans ces tristes montagnes,
Les fideles beliers sont près de leurs compagnes,
D'elles, de leurs agneaux caressés tour-à-tour.
Le ramier dans son nid paisiblement sommeille;
Moi seul je gémis et je veille
Loin de l'objet de mon amour.

Eh quoi ! fûr d'être aimé, certain d'unir ma vie
Au digne et tendre objet dont mon ame est ravie,
Le plus parfait bonheur m'attend à mon retour !
Je me le dis en vain ; une terreur secrete
Me suit, m'agite, m'inquiete,
Loin de l'objet de mon amour.

SONG.

Volume II. Book V. Page 47.

Vous qui loin d'une amante
Comptez chaque moment,
Vous qui d'une inconstante
Pleurez le changement,
Votre destin funeste
Pour moi feroit un bien ;
L'espoir au moins vous reste :
Il ne me reste rien.

J'aimois une begere,
Je possédois son cœur ;
Mais hélas ! sur la terre
Il n'est point de bonheur :

APPENDIX.

Il ressemble à la rose,
Qui s'ouvre au doux zéphyr;
Le jour qu'elle est éclosé
On la voit se flétrir.

L'objet de ma tendresse
A subi le trépas :
Beauté, grace, jeunesse
Ne la sauverent pas.
Je vais bientôt la suivre
Dans la nuit du tombeau ;
Le lierre ne peut vivre
Quand on coupe l'ormeau.

SONG.

Volume II. Book V. Page 53.

Voici venir le doux printemps,
Allons danser sous la coudrette ;
La nature a marqué ce temps,
Pour que le plaisir eût sa fête.
Ah ! craignons de perdre un seul jour
De la belle saison d'amour.

De l'eau qui court sur les cailloux
L'agréable et tendre murmure,
Le bruit si léger et si doux
Du zéphyr et de la verdure ;
Tout dit : Craignez de perdre un jour
De la belle saison d'amour.

Cc iij

Le pinçon dans ces bosquets verts,
 Sur cet ormeau la tourterelle,
 L'alouette au milieu des airs,
 Le grillon sous l'herbe nouvelle
 Chantent : Craignez de perdre un jour
 De la belle saison d'amour.

Hélas ! hélas ! ce beau printemps,
 Qui quelques jours à peine dure,
 Ne revient point pour les amants,
 Comme il revient pour la nature,
 Craignez donc de perdre un seul jour
 De la belle saison d'amour.

SONG.

Volume II. Book V. Page 61.

BEAUX narcisses qu'une bergère,
 Qui vous égaloit en blancheur,
 Laissa dans ce pré solitaire,
 Devenez à jamais ma fleur.

Depuis que cette main chérie
 Vous a touchés, vous a cueillis;
 Vous effacez roses et lis,
 Vous êtes rois dans la prairie.

Belles fleurs, ma seule richesse,
 Je veux jusqu'à mon dernier jour
 Vous voir, vous respirer sans cesse,
 Et m'enyvrer ainsi d'amour.

Embellir le sein de ma belle
Seroit un destin plus flatteur ;
Mais en reposant sur mon cœur
Vous ferez toujours auprès d'elle.

CLÉMENCE ISAURE.

ROMANCE.

Volume II. Book VI. Page 89.

A TOULOUSE il fut une belle ;
Clémence Isaure étoit son nom :
Le beau Lautrec brûla pour elle,
Et de sa foi reçut le don ;
Mais leurs parents trop inflexibles
S'opposoient à leurs tendres feux ;
Ainsi toujours les cœurs sensibles
Sont nés pour être malheureux.

Alphonse, le pere d' Isaure,
Veut lui donner un autre époux ;
Fidelle à l'amant qu'elle adore,
Sa fille tombe à ses genoux :
Ah ! que plutôt votre colere
Termine des jours de douleur !
Ma vie appartient à mon pere,
A Laufrec appartient mon cœur.

Le vieillard, pour qui la vengeance
A plus de charmes que l'amour,
Fait charger de chaînes Clémence,
Et l'enferme dans une tour :
L'autrec que menace sa rage,
Vient gémir au pied du donjon,
Comme l'oiseau près de la cage
Où sa compagne est en prison.

Une nuit, la tendre Clémence
Entend la voix de son amant ;
A ses barreaux elle s'élance,
Et lui dit ces mots en pleurant :
Mon doux ami, calme tes peines,
Et sois tranquille sur ma foi :
Je trouve légères mes chaînes
Puisque je les porte pour toi,

Cependant cédon's à l'orage,
De Philippe va voir la cœur ;
Fais qu'il admire ton courage,
Et qu'il protège notre amour.
En partant reçois le seul gage
Que jé possède encore ici ;
Ce bouquet de rose sauvage,
De violette et de fouci.

L'eglantine est la fleur que j'aime,
La violette est ma couleur,
Dans le fouci tu vois l'emblème
Des chagrins de mon triste cœur.

Ces trois fleurs que ma bouche presse
Seront humides de mes pleurs ;
Qu'elles te rappellent sans cesse,
Et nos amours, et nos douleurs.

Elle dit, et par la fenêtre,
Jette les fleurs à son amant ;
Alphonse qui vient à paroître
Le force de fuir tout tremblant.
Lautrec prend le chemin de France,
En méditant un prompt retour,
En disant le nom de Clémence
A tous les échos d'alentour.

Il apprend bientôt que la guerre
Se rallume de toutes parts,
Et que le héros d'Angleterre
Assiege déjà ses remparts.
Sur ses pas Lautrec revient vite ;
A peine est-il sur les glacis,
Qu'il voit des Toulousains l'élite
Fuyant devant les ennemis.

Un seul guerrier résiste encore,
Mais dans l'instant il va périr ;
C'étoit le vieux pere d'Isaure,
Lautrec vole le secourir.
Il frappe, il crie, il le dégage,
De son corps couvre le vieillard ;
Il est blessé, mais son courage
Fait fuir les soldats d'Edouard.

Hélas ! sa blessure est mortelle,
L'autrec meurt au lit des héros,
Alphonse l'évite, il l'appelle,
Pour lui dire ces tristes mots :
Cruel pere de mon amie,
Tu ne m'as pas voulu pour fils ;
Je me venge en sauvant ta vie,
Le trépas m'est doux à ce prix.

Exauce du moins ma priere,
Rends les jours de Clémence heureux ;
Dis-lui qu'à mon heure dernière
Je t'ai chargé de mes adieux.
Reporte-lui ces fleurs sanglantes,
De mon cœur le plus cher trésor,
Et laisse mes levres mourantes
Les baïser une fois encoor.

En disant ces mots il expire.
Alphonse, accablé de douleur,
Prend le bouquet, et s'en va dire
A sa fille l'affreux malheur.
En peu de jours la triste amante,
Dans les pleurs terminant son sort,
Prit soin, d'une main défaillante,
D'écrire un testament de mort.

Elle ordonna que chaque année,
En mémoire de ses amours,
Chacune des fleurs fût donnée
Aux plus habiles troubadours.

Tout son bien fut laissé par elle,
Pour que ces trois fleurs fussent d'or :
Sa patrie, à son vœu fidelle,
Observe cet usage encor.

SONG.

Volume II. Book VI. Page 107.

GASTON, le fort de la patrie
Est remis à votre valeur ;
Songez à votre douce amie,
En entrant au champ de l'honneur.
Il est une triple alliance
Qui vous garantit le succès :
On vit toujours d'intelligence
L'amour, la gloire et les François.

Qu'un ennemi, qu'une coquette,
Tous deux dès long-temps aguerris,
Veuillent retarder la conquête,
De leur cœur et de leur pays ;
Inutile est leur résistance,
Tous deux conviennent, à la paix,
Qu'on vit toujours d'intelligence
L'amour, la gloire et les François.

La belle qui n'est plus sévère
Dès ce moment regne sur nous ;
L'ennemi qui cesse la guerre
Nous trouve généreux et doux.

Ceux qu'a vaincu notre vaillance
Eprouvent tous par nos bienfaits,
Qu'on vit toujours d'intelligence
L'amour, la gloire et les François

INSCRIPTION.

Volume II. Book VI. Page 127.

DANS cette demeure tranquille
Repose notre bon ami ;
Il vécut toujours à la ville,
Mais son cœur fut toujours ici.

END OF VOL. II.



